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Winifred Norbury

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

CONTENTS

Editorial

Song-Translations *Various Authors*

The Songs of Schumann and

Brahms *Ernest Walker*

Songcraft *A. P. Graves*

The Pianoforte of Emmanuel Moor *Donald Tovey*

Notes on a Collection of Masque

Music *W. J. Lawrence*

Irish Ancestry of Garland, Dowland,

Campion and Purcell

W. H. Grattan Flood

The South Staffordshire Musical

Festival *S. Grew*

Arnold Schönberg—A Critical Study *Cecil Gray*

Tune *A. H. Fox Strangways*

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A
126

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Music and Letters

JANUARY, 1922

VOLUME III.

NUMBER 1

EDITORIAL

THE arrangements for the development of MUSIC AND LETTERS are not yet completed; negotiations are in progress, but have not yet reached a definite result. We take this opportunity of asking those of our readers who are not direct subscribers, but who are interested in the future career of the publication, to send us their names, so that we may inform them also of our intention.

Brahms proved more difficult than was anticipated, and the translations that Mr. Walter Ford was able to select are accordingly fewer in number. In the next issue it is proposed to print translations of Schumann. The Editor would be glad if singers would let him know of particular songs of Schumann which they would like to see translated, besides the obvious ones.

The copyright of the translation remains in its author's hands; but if he is willing that anyone should sing it in public without fee, he is asked to affix an asterisk. The singer who makes use of this permission may also print it in his programme, if he acknowledges the source with the words—"Trans. by . . . (from *Music and Letters*)."

DIRECTIONS TO TRANSLATORS.

- (1) To send their copies typewritten.
- (2) To give the song in full exactly as it will sing—
 - (a) Repeating lines where necessary or altering them for a repetition;
 - (b) Marking in the margin any important alteration which they suggest of the time-values of the notes.
- (3) Not to sign the translation, but to enclose with it name and address on a separate sheet.
- (4) To quote the first line of the original at the head of the translation (affixing to it, if they wish, an asterisk) and the opus number.
- (5) To despatch the whole, on or before Feb. 1, to the Editor, *Music and Letters*, 3, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C. 4.

SONG-TRANSLATIONS

Op. 19. No. 4.

Der Schmied.*

Uhland.

My sweetheart is there!
His hammer is swinging,
His anvil is ringing
Like bells in the steeple,
And gathers the people
From alley and square.

He sits in his place;
The forge is all quiet;
But, when I go by it,
The bellows remembers
To blow on the embers
And light up his face.

DUMINSTER CASTLE.

Op. 33. No. 2.

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen.*

Tieck.

Love set out from far-off regions,
Silent and alone came she;
And the goddess beckoned me,
Held my soul in sweet allegiance.

Pain put forth her hand to try me,
Tears made twilight in my eyes,
What! Has love no greater prize
For me? Why does joy go by me?

"Long I seek thee, never find thee,"
Spoke that vision of delight,
"Hearts of men have felt my might;
Feel it now resistless bind thee."

Sped is all desire and wonder
 Down the wind, an empty voice,
 Fame's a dream, a hollow noise
 Like the wave that breaks in thunder.

Ah, then, shall she still enslave me,
 Powerless now, as in a dream?
 Through my brain sick fancies stream . . .
 No man, no man, that can save me.

Dare I look into the mirror
 Hope holds up before my eyes?
 Faith herself is only lies!
 Hope is but a wandering error!

O then bid thy heart not waver,
 Love shall give thee strength to live;
 And, when love has naught to give,
 Death, himself, shall be thy saviour.

ANON.

Op. 43. No. 1.

Vor ewiger Liebe.*

From the Wendish, by T. Wentzig.

Darker and darker o'er moorland and hill
 Shadows draw on, and all Nature is still.
 Hushed are the voices in woodland and glen,
 Stayed is the coming and going of men.
 Only a lad's voice alone with his love
 Breaks the deep quiet of meadow and grove,
 Down by the willows and over the lea,
 Talking and talking, so fair and free.

Sweetheart, 'tis I, I alone am to blame:
 Mine is the fault that they whisper your name;
 Here let us part 'neath the storm-laden heav'n,
 Take back the word that too quickly was giv'n;
 Here let us part in the wind and the rain,
 Hastily said may be unsaid again.

MUSIC AND LETTERS

Spoke the maiden then, thus spoke she:
 Our love be sundered? It never shall be!
 Iron it is strong and steel it's true;
 Our love shall be as unchanging too.
 Iron and steel may be moulded and run;
 Our love shall end as it first was begun.
 Iron and steel they may fail by and by;
 Our love is plighted, it never shall die.

F. S.

Op. 49. No. 1.

Am Sonntag Morgen.*

Paul Heyse.

On Sunday morning, decked in fine array,
 Where you have been, alas, too well I know it!
 And many people saw you take that way,
 And came to me in eager haste to shew it.

Then, when they told it me, I laughed outright,
 Now in my room alone I grieve at night.
 Then, when they told it me, I burst out singing,
 But now I weep, my hands in anguish wringing.

E. M. Lockwood.

Op. 63. No. 5.

Der Fliederbusch.*

Felix Schumann (youngest son of Robert and Clara).

She is fair as the lilac that blooms in May,
 And my love as the sun in his radiance; (*bis*)
 The sun as he smiles on the bloom of May
 Is filled with the breath of her fragrance.

And my soul in the form of a nightingale
 Has nested where she is near me; (*bis*)
 And drunk with her fragrance, I carol forth
 That all the heavens may hear me.

E. B. R. S.

Op. 63. No. 6.

Der Hollunderbusch.*

Feliz Schumann.

At dusk the wind plays in the alder-tree grove,
And the moth caresses the jasmine spray,
And there on a bank at close of day
I told my sweetheart the tale of love.

The bells rang out from the steeple below,
And the late lark fluted his evening prayer;
Our hearts kept tryst in the silence there,
And the very heav'ns set their seal to our vow.

The stars were all at their posts by this,
And the glow-worm on watch in the lily's heart;
And now that the moment was come to part,
I left her for token one last fond kiss.

E. B. R. S.

Op. 63. No. 8.

O wüsst, ich doch.*

Claus Groth.

I wish I were that boy again
My mother sat and watched at play!
Why did I tempt the open main,
And leave the sheltered bay?

What would I give no more to roam,
No more to strive for masteries,
With love to bid me welcome home,
And close my tired eyes!

Never to ask, or probe, or plan,
But dream the dreams of infancy,
And leave the weary quests of man—
A child once more to be.

O show me then the way again,
The way to childhood's happy land;
For all the gold I sought in vain
Is only barren sand.

F. S.

MUSIC AND LETTERS

Op. 69. No. 3.

Abschied.*

From the Bohemian, by T. Wentsig.

Parting is a little word, but oh! so difficult to say,
And to-morrow's sun will find me o'er the hills and far away.

What was mine is lost for ever, every hope I had is fled,
And the days we passed together now like autumn leaves are dead.

Dark the path that lies before me, long the journey I must go,
But the prayer I send will echo in the valley down below.

ANON.

Op. 94. No. 1.

Mit vierzig Jahren.

Friedrich Rückert.

In forty summers we have climbed the mountain;
We halt awhile, our eyes gaze back.
There, far behind, we see our childhood lying,
And there our boyhood's radiant track.

Once more look back, and then refreshed pass onward,
And take the pilgrim staff again.
The mountain-ridge spreads far and wide around us,
The path leads downward to the plain.

No more the steep ascent, the breathless climbing;
The way winds gently to the wold;
All unaware our footsteps seek the levels,
And, ere we know, we find the Fold.

UNA A. TAYLOR.

Op. 94. No. 3.

Mein Herz ist schwer (*Geibel*).*Emanuel Geibel.*

My heart is dark. I wake and weep.
Without the wailing night-winds sweep,
The tree-tops murmur on and on,
The tale of days for ever gone.

SONG-TRANSLATIONS

7

The tree-tops murmur through the night
Of bygone grief and heart's delight;
Of turret-room and maiden fair—
All, all departed—where, O where?

All, all departed—where, O where?
Pain, love, desire and youth were there. . . .
Without the wailing night-winds sweep.
My heart is dark. I wake and weep.

UNA A. TAYLOR.

Op. 94. No. 5.

Kein Haus, keine Heimath.

Friedrich Halm.

No home and no country, no child and no wife,
I whirl like a straw in the eddies of life!
Now up and now under, like waves of the sea;
O world ask me nought—I ask nothing of thee.

E. M. MOTT.

Op. 105. No. 4.

Auf dem Kirchhofe.

D. v. Liliencron.

The day was dark with rain and stormy clouds,
I wandered o'er the graves all desolated,
The weather-beaten stones, the faded wreaths,
The name o'ergrown and half obliterated.

The day was full of storm and dark with rain,
And every grave seemed like a frozen prison;
Yet free from storm the coffins all reposed,
And o'er each grave there shone a hope arisen.

Translator unknown. It is hoped that he will claim his handiwork, so that it may be acknowledged, and that in the meantime he will excuse the liberty here taken with it.—[ED.]

Folk Songs Bk. V. No. 33

Och Moder ich well en Ding han (*Kölnisch*).*

O mother, I want for wan⁽¹⁾ thing!
 Whatten⁽²⁾ a thing my prrill⁽³⁾ maid?
 Wan thing, wan thing!

1st. Wull, do ee want for a plaything then?

2nd. fairing fine?

3rd. purse of gold?

O mother, you'm prapper on-chancy⁽⁴⁾,No, tid'n⁽⁵⁾ that I fancy.Casn't⁽⁶⁾ ye tell your maid's wan thing?

Thing-a-ring-a-ring, ting, ting.

4th. Wull, do ee want for a sweetheart, then?

O mother, now you'm talkin';

Me and my Jan a-walkin'!

Now you've a-told your maid's wan thing.

Thing-a-ring-a-ring, ting, ting.

F. W.

(1) One. (2) What sort of. (3) Pretty little. (4) Bad at guessing. (5) 'Tisn't
 (6) Can't.

Volkskinderlieder. No. 2.

Die Nachtigall.*

Aw, my dear, look tü that singin'-bird,

In thicky⁽¹⁾ fir, I dü vow!Whistlin' so plum⁽²⁾ in the fir-needles—

Baint er a nightingale, now?

Naw, my dear, that baint no nightingale,

Dear sawl, I'll tell ee how tez⁽³⁾—

They birds don't nesty in no fir-apples,

Nesty where the th'hazelnuts lays.

F. W.

(1) That. (2) Sweetly. (3) 'Tis.

N.B.—The hazel is mythologically connected with the more passionate forms
 of love.

THE SONGS OF SCHUMANN AND BRAHMS: SOME CONTACTS AND CONTRASTS

WHILE other contributors to *Music and Letters* are, under the Editor's guidance, solving the problems that face the translator of the songs of Schumann and Brahms, a few words on the songs themselves, in some other aspects, may perhaps be not altogether inopportune. Four hundred and eighty songs, signed by two of the great men: this is a mass of music of which no sort of balanced appraisal can be attempted in these few pages. And, of course, being human, it has very varying claims to permanence, while the casually selected albums, outside which too few singers seem to stray, are no sure aids to our judgment of such claims. All that will be attempted here is to suggest a few correlations between Schumann and Brahms as writers of songs, correlations positive and negative. Brahms always recognised himself to be, so to speak, a godson of Schumann: the older man had publicly announced to the world of music the youth of twenty as a coming Messiah: and over and over again, to the very end of his life, Brahms proclaimed in various ways his intimate links with the traditions that still, through Schumann's widow, centred round the revered name. The links were indeed very strong: but they were of the spirit rather than of the letter. Schumann never taught Brahms as, for example, Mozart taught Beethoven or Wagner taught Strauss. The technique of the two men diverged from the start, though less so, for some few years, in instrumental than in vocal work. Though to say this is indeed not more than to generalise: every great composer lives in a house with open doors: it is only the small folk who try to keep originality under lock and key.

Schumann's earliest published song dates from 1840, his thirtieth year: in those twelve months he wrote nothing but songs, and all but a small handful of his masterpieces in that form had been produced before the year closed. Brahms, on the other hand, wrote songs steadily throughout his life: to him such work was always a portion of his normal musical equipment. He approached song-writing as, so to speak, a musician pure and simple: not indeed that he lacked extra-musical interests, but they were subsidiary. He was steeped in music and destined to music from childhood: Schumann, the son of a bookseller, had spent his early life among books at least as much as

among music, and with him the musical profession had been an afterthought. And when he began to write songs, under the lyrical impulse given by personal happiness, he faced the problem from two separate sides: he was a romantic piano-composer of a very high and subtle order, and musically nothing else, and he was also a skilled professional *littérateur*.

He was indeed the first to approach song-writing from the definitely literary side: he was himself something of a craftsman in words, and he had more instinct than most composers for poetical values as such.* Our poetical tastes nowadays may not always be his—Chamisso's *Frauenliebe und Leben* may, for example, leave us cold. But he took the poetry that he set seriously, as poetry and not merely as the raw material for music. No doubt he lapsed at times through careless slips of memory: the worse case is his alteration of the end of Heine's *Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen*—

Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die guten Engelein,

into—

Die lieblichen Engelein,

changing the adjective that is the central keynote of the whole wonderful lyric into something utterly conventional, indeed meaningless.† But such things are, after all, accidents. It is an accident, again, when Brahms (in *Meerfahrt*) also misquotes Heine—very unimportantly, as it happens: but in the essentials of this matter the two men markedly diverge. Brahms was, here, a follower of Schubert: far more cultured non-musically, no doubt, but still often quite willing to mate his music to versification devoid of any merit either of form or of content, and never unduly anxious about striking a firm balance between the conflicting claims.

Suppose we take song-structure as a whole. Structure is not, of course, a matter of mere size: the song can show formal detail as clearly as the symphony. Schumann was, by temperament, a lover of mosaic forms: the more complex, long-breathed methods attracted

*This literary interest carried him indeed so far as to lead him to set a translation of Byron's amusing but completely unmusical poem on the letter H: a song which is, of course, absurd unless sung in the original B major, where the tonic note (H in German) is the key to the riddle. Compare the alphabetical puzzles of the *Carnaval*.

†No singer of the *Dichterliebe* ought to hesitate about respecting Heine rather than Schumann here.

him less. The result is, speaking generally, a certain squareness of design: it is not a mechanical squareness, but the music has a very definite tendency to arrange itself sectionally, on well-marked lines of fairly constant recurrence. Not that this is always so: the fine setting of Burns' *The captain's lady* (No. 19 of the *Myrthen* collection) is, for example, singularly flexible in construction: and equally so, in a different way, is *Auf das Trinkglas eines verstorbenen Freundes*—one of its composer's most subtle songs, alike in its imaginativeness and in its unusual and very rounded design. But no doubt Brahms had, in matters of form, much the more consistently steady hand: after, that is to say, he had sown a tiny quantity of moderately wild oats in such things as *Heimkehr* and *In der Fremde*, both considerably earlier in composition than the famous *Liebestreu* which heads the list of the published songs. When Schumann broods, he is only too often inclined to wander: when Brahms strikes a more or less similar vein of thought, as in *Anklänge* or *Schweremuth* or *Abenddämmerung*, he is sternly concise in design. He always saw straight from start to finish, was never led away by side issues, and, taking consistently long views, could afford to adventure without, however temporarily, losing his bearings. The difficulty with Schumann, as with all the romanticists, was that of striking the due mean between rigidity and looseness: it is comparatively rarely that he attains to the complex technical mastery common enough in one way or another with the composer of, let us say, the strangely beautiful *Therese*, a song so delicately simple for its first two verses and then floating, both in words and music, into imagination and mystery—and the whole clamped together in a flawless unity of form.

Schumann originally, as has been said, approached songs from the standpoint of an exclusively pianistic composer: and a very natural consequence was the great importance he attached to the pianist's share in the whole. Schubert had no doubt led the way in writing duets for singer and pianist, and had shown over and over again a matchless sense of the artistic balance between the two inseparable elements. But Schumann was the first to ask the pianist to supply definitely solo interpretation: and sometimes perhaps, in his deep conviction of the artistic inadequacy of merely subordinate "accompaniments," he swung the pendulum a little too far the other way. He is singularly fond of concluding piano solos, often of considerable length and more or less independent material: sometimes they give just the right finish to the whole, as, for example, the delicate little wedding-march at the end of No. 5 of the *Frauenliebe* cycle, or the jolly tramping at the end of *Wanderlust*, or the curiously powerful outburst at the end of *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*, hiding the

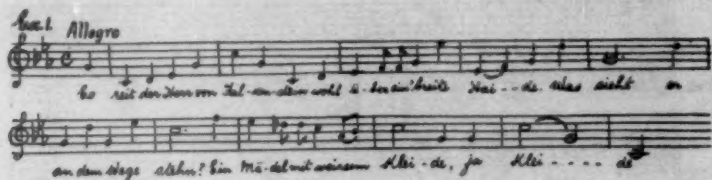
passion of the words under the veil of mocking commonplace, or, finest of all, the wonderful long ritornello that sums up the whole of the *Dichterliebe*. But sometimes again, oftener indeed, his pianistic leanings, added to his leanings to short structural views, rather betray him: the ritornelli sound like afterthoughts, and the organism suffers. *Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter*, for example, totally collapses in its last six bars: the noble *Stille Thränen* rather outstays its welcome: and Schumann's very last song, *Mein Wagen rollet langsam*, may well serve as an illustration of the nemesis of dreaminess—deeply felt imagination petering out in a full page of piano solo that is altogether without form and void. Compare Brahms, who, whether his inspiration be itself active or not, never relaxes his technical grip. He takes, in general, Schubert's view of balance, with the enlargements given by more advanced piano-playing: and he follows Schubert also in saying only a little (however weighty that little is) after the voice has finished. In *Am Sonntag Morgen*, indeed—one of Brahms' tersest and intensest songs—it is left to the pianist to show how the passion finally flames and dies: but as a rule the ritornelli are ritornelli in the stricter sense. But they can do wonders with a mere touch. The three crashing chords at the end of *Willst du, dass ich geh'*? bring before our eyes a complete picture of triumph and surrender to supplement Lemcke's verses: the quiet closing bars of *Mit vierzig Jahren* (with their miraculous *crescendo* as the ship swings to its last anchorage) or of the second of the *Ernste Gesänge* look simple enough, but they hammer the words we have just heard home to our very hearts.

But, on the other hand, for the technique of the words as such Schumann had considerably the keener instinct. Like Beethoven and Schubert and very many more, Brahms is only too often obliged to hang his head and plead guilty before his poetical judges who have, ever since lyrical form began to serve composers' needs, growled in the spirit if not in the exact words of Tennyson, "Why do these damned musicians make me say a thing twice when I say it only once?"* He never seems really to worry about literary structure: no song-writer that has ever lived reproduces general mood more faithfully, but if (as happens very often) the spacing of his melodies is not that of the words, then so much the worse for the latter. Compare, on this point, the *Magelone-Lieder* with the *Dichterliebe* cycle. In every one of his fifteen songs, Brahms repeats Tieck's words with autocratic casualness: the repetitions are grammatical, and that is all to be said for them. Schumann has not yet attained to the conscientiousness of Wolf and most modern song-composers of the

*Quoted to me by a relative of the poet.

better class: but his feet are on the right road. Of the sixteen *Dichterliebe* songs, eleven never repeat anything (the repetition of "zerrißen" in *Und wüßten's die Blumen* is Heine's own), and there are only two really bad cases of conflicting lengths. In the main, all through his two hundred and fifty songs, Schumann's ideas are, in their very inception, one with the poems, not only in the spirit but in the letter. When he repeats, it is not so often the repetition of a phrase or line as of one emphatic word: sometimes very inapposite, as with the two-fold "die Lippen" in *Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*, sometimes rather more pointed, as with "die Eine" in *Die Rose, die Lilie*. The difference between Schumann and Brahms in this matter is that the problem of fitness, in this special sense, was generally present to the mind of the one and rarely to the mind of the other. Of course there are Brahms songs—the *Sapphische Ode* or *Auf dem Kirchhofe* at once comes to the memory—which do not repeat words: but with him we feel that this is something of an accident, with Schumann we feel the reverse.

If we consider the music entirely apart from the words, we shall find—at any rate in the songs, and we are speaking of no other departments of either composer's activities—that Brahms has a good many forms of purely musical expression more or less denied to Schumann. Tunes that take a deep breath at the start and then swing straight through a whole verse, like *Der Schmied* or *Das Lied vom Herrn von Falkenstein*

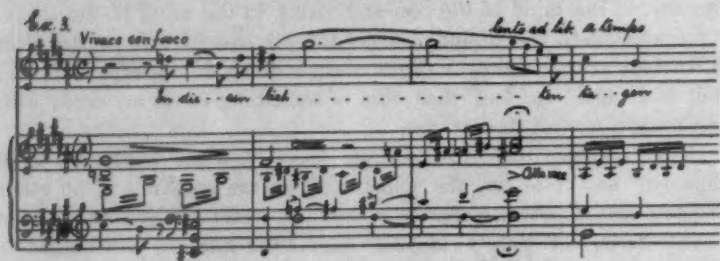


or *Frühlingstrost*



are typically Brahmsian. Schumann cannot soar "auf Flügeln des Gesanges" quite so far. Sometimes he tries, as in *Widmung* or *Ihre*

Stimme or *Stille Thränen*—beautiful full-blooded tunes, but less bravely adventurous, designed on a series of curves rather than on one great curve from start to finish. It may indeed be said that Schumann did not attach so high a value as Brahms to melodic design in and for itself: had he done so, he could never have rested content with the makeshift alternative notes that, in songs of extensive compass, he so often provides, to the ruin of the vocal phrases.* Or again, melody apart, there are certain developments of musical technique that we find with Brahms, but hardly with Schumann. It is to the former that we look for cadences that, in and for themselves, are a pure musical joy, like the ends of the early *Ich muss hinaus* (the second of the two *Liebe und Frühling* songs in Op. 3)—



or of *Gestillte Sehnsucht*, one of the finest of the later songs—

*Often these alternative notes are quite unnecessary: but often again (*Ich grolle nicht* is the great example) the melody is planned as, to all intents and purposes, an instrumental conception, and over so wide an area that only quite exceptional voices can sing it in the one and only proper form, and all others have perforce to adopt the permitted alternatives that utterly spoil the music.

or such purely contrapuntal forms of expression as *Sommerfäden*, with its long lines of gossamer threads—



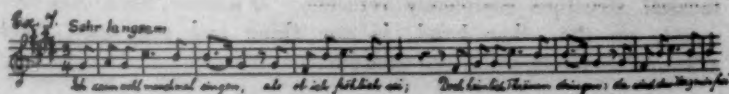
or such germ-evolution as the treatment of the motto-figure of *An ein Bild*—



Rhythmically, both adventure about equally, but Schumann is the less economical: he will, for example, in *Abendlied*, write virtually a whole song in cross-rhythms, while Brahms, in *Beim Abschied*, will reserve the effect for the last verse only.

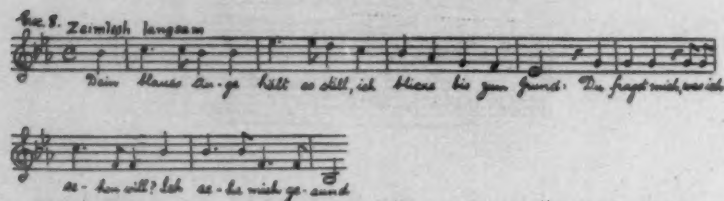
Suppose we take for comparison half a dozen typical songs, all masterpieces of the front rank in their several ways, two songs of lyrical sentiment, two dealing with the lighter moods, and two with the darker: Schumann's *Wehmuth*, *Die Meerfee*, and *Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein*, and Brahms' *Dein blaues Auge*, *O komme, holde Sommernacht*, and *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht*.

Wehmuth is, in every bar, full of the richest expressive detail, but the actual voice part is limited in range—



the vocal line itself becomes coloured only at the words "der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen," where the music passes into a distant key with wonderful effect and then gently floats back into the tonic

for the last verse. The accompaniment adds very quiet harmonic and melodic touches here and there, and a ritornello perfect in mood and balance. Not a word is repeated: poet and composer are absolutely at one. In *Dein blaues Auge* the vocal line is more rounded and spacious—

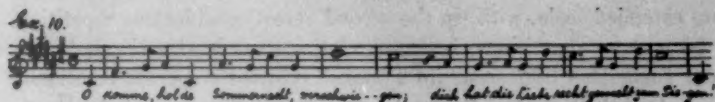


the accompaniment harmonically much simpler in detail. At the words "Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl" the harmonies crowd together and the tonality darkens: but the words do not prevent Brahms from a vocal ornament that is a purely musical, not an emotional effect. Finally the music swings back with superb strength and deliberation: but the words are too short, and have to be repeated in order to secure structural balance. The accompaniment is of a different type from Schumann's: very finely laid out from the point of sonority, but with much less inside detail.

Take now *Die Meerfee*, a wonderful bit of dainty colour: iridescent throughout, with all sorts of delicate touches of pianistic nuance: a voice-line that adventures more than usually, in phrases that are shortish indeed but full of orderedly wayward curves. Brief as the song is, it is crowded with varied detail: there are no two bars of the voice part repeated anywhere, but the first four bars of the introductory ritornello recur (with slightly modified harmony) after the voice has finished, and there are a few more—new, but perfectly homogeneous—to wind up. Diction, again, is flawless: verbal and musical structure completely coincide. *O komme, holde Sommer-nacht*, on the other hand, is one thing and one only. The accompaniment figure of the first bar—



is in itself nothing; but it is the life of the whole song, tinted quite as beautifully as Schumann's, but much less prodigally. The voice part takes full deep breaths—

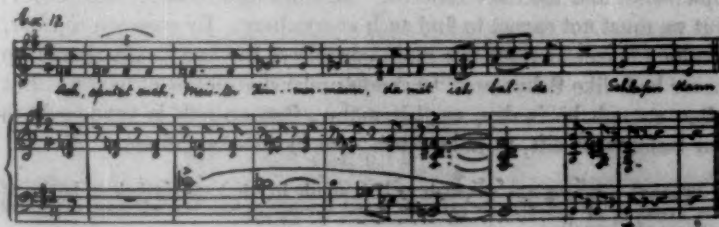


and if Grohe's words do not happen themselves to have equal lung-power, so much the worse for them. The phrases are homogeneous throughout, and the varieties are only varieties of tonality. The accompaniment also is one thing from start to finish: the rippling triplets curve all over the piano, but they never cease.

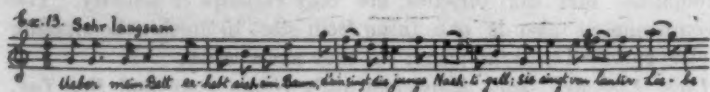
Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein and *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht* are among the very finest of Heine's two-stanza lyrics; the songs show their composers at their finest also, but they are very different. Schumann fastens on the realism of the heart-beats that are the hammer of the unseen coffin-maker: he secures his effect by quite simple one-handed syncopated chords—



with a few touches of colour, intensified a little in the second verse by five wonderful new bass-notes, and ending—



The song ends here, with the crucial last words unaccompanied, as were the first: a very quiet voice-line, but overwhelmingly expressive (notice the strangely bitter G sharp), and stark Heine, word for word. *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht* treats the two stanzas on a much more extended scale, with (in the second verse) considerable repetition of the poetry—repetitions, however, of three words at a time—"von lauter Liebe, Ich hör' sogar im Traum," which have great emotional power, though they spoil the poet's lyrical structure as such.* Here, for once in a way, Brahms sets the first verse to short-breathed phrases: but only to intensify still more the swelling passion of—



Except for the wonderful nightingale-notes that rise and fall for a few bars, the accompaniment is, throughout, a sombre undercurrent, harmonically very rich, but always slow-moving in very dark tones. In a sense, it is a less personal song than Schumann's. The poetry has, we might almost say, become philosophy: if perhaps it has in the process lost something of poignancy, it has perhaps gained something of beauty.

Comparisons like these are of course only generalisations that might be extended to cover many other pairs of typical songs of Schumann and Brahms set to other kinds of words: songs more or less of the folk-type, as *O, my love's like the red, red rose*, and *Der Liebsten Schwur*: songs of Nature in rest, as *Mondnacht* and *Feldeinsamkeit*, or in unrest, as *Zwielicht* and *Verzagen*: songs of love-passion in a bright mood, as *Widmung* and *Wie bist du, meine Königin*, or in a dark mood, as *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet* and *Der Strom der neben mir verdrauschte*: songs of dramatic action, as *Der Spielmann* and the duet *Edward*. All front-rank masterpieces again; but we must not expect to find such everywhere. By common consent, Brahms is considerably the more equable of the two song-writers: he never had, like Schumann, to create under disabilities of health. But often enough he is dry, as Schumann often enough is vague. It is our business to sift, to judge great men by their greatness.

*Though nothing like as much as it is spoilt in what, nevertheless, is one of the greatest of nineteenth century vocal compositions—the eight-part choral setting of Cornelius.

To judge : but not to set up as rivals of the arena or the examination-room. However much Schumann and Brahms may differ in many things, their contacts are far above their contrasts : they are of one and the same spiritual order of musicians—"priests, not servants" (in the words of Joachim, who brought them together), priests worshipping the same divinities, and taking themselves and their art in equal deadly earnest. We may recall the ancient Oxford story of the undergraduate who, when asked to specify the minor prophets, replied that it was not for him to make invidious distinctions between holy men. Many musical critics, past and present, nationalist or not, might have learnt much at the feet of this Gamaliel.

ERNEST WALKER.

SONGCRAFT

I HAVE lectured upon several occasions upon Songcraft, with musical illustrations, and have studied the writings of older workers in the same field, Edgar Allen Poe and Thomas Davis as critics, and Robert Burns and Thomas Moore as lyrists, and quite recently I have received fresh light on the subject from Mr. Plunket Greene's " Interpretation in Song " and Mr. A. H. Fox Strangways on " Song Translation " in the July number of this Quarterly, an article which I regard as invaluable of its kind.

My own Songcraft theories have resulted from a careful sifting out of my own experiences, and more especially from an examination of my best and worst efforts as a lyrical writer.

I was started in self-criticism as a verse writer at an early age by my father, who was a fine musician, and by my uncle, Dr. Robert Perceval Graves, a competent poetical critic. My father's mode of criticism was of a summary nature. He read my boyish verses, talking them over with me at the time, and then invariably put them into the fire, saying as he did so, " You will do better next time," encouraging no self-pity on my part over each cremation. This went on for several years, till when I was about fifteen he one day put a set of my verses, I thought in a fit of absence of mind, into his pocket and carried them off with him. About a week afterwards he handed me a Liverpool paper in which my lines appeared, my first introduction to print.

My uncle's method of criticism was less severe. At his request I sent my verses to him by post and he corrected them with a care which I have since looked back upon with surprise.

But I became so sensible of the value of his corrections as well as of his hints upon verse-writing that I collected his letters and copied them into a notebook which I still possess. I so benefited by the technique thus acquired that I was safely carried past many of the pitfalls that interrupt the progress of most young writers of verse, however much of the poetical spirit they may possess, who have been without such advantages.

I have stated that my father was a musician. From him I inherited musical taste, and therefore thoroughly appreciated my mother's playing and the singing of my brothers and sisters, with whom I took some part.

At about eighteen years of age I came across the Petrie collection of the ancient music of Ireland, to the publication of which my father had contributed. This was a revelation to me, for it was full of hitherto unknown and beautiful airs which dwelt in my memory and to which I began almost unconsciously to provide words as their spirit suggested them: for the original Gaelic words had in most cases disappeared. About half a dozen of these early lyrics were arranged to the old Irish airs by Joseph Robinson, an Irish composer of repute.

I came over to London with these Petrie airs running in my head much in the same way as Thomas Moore had crossed the Irish Sea fifty years earlier, obsessed by the beauty of the music of the Bunting Collection.

By this time, too, I had begun to pick up Irish airs on my own account, airs to which the Kerry peasantry sang and danced. Amongst these was a Kerry version of an air called "The Top of Cork Road," which, as Sir Charles Stanford afterwards declared, was much finer than the Cork original. I had often danced the jig to this tune, and one morning found myself whistling it as I crossed the London parks to my work as a young clerk in the Home Office. As I whistled, recollections of Father Michael Walsh, the old parish priest of Kilterhane, rose to my mind, so that when I reached Whitehall they had woven themselves into my song of "Father O'Flynn." I do not think I had to alter a word in it as I wrote it down at my office desk.

No doubt we all of us have our best moments, as Tennyson had when he was writing "Maud," but by the time that Tennyson had reached this point his technique had become second nature, and the same will hold true of any conscientious artist, poetical or musical. The singer and musician have to go through an arduous course of technical training. Is the lyrical writer exempt? Certainly not; but because he does not realise this, he is often the despair of both the composer and the singer. More than this, as so few lyrical writers have really qualified themselves for musical work, the composer is obliged to make the best of inferior song material, which might easily have been perfected on the part of the lyricist by serious study of phonetics, musical phrasing and the corresponding verse rhythms, such study being based by him upon the best attainable models.

Not only must he laboriously acquire this technique, but if he is wise he will submit his lyrics from time to time to competent musical critics, though let him take their advice with caution, for to preserve the unity of his lyric he must beware of patching it with emendations by those who may not have realised its full significance.

Again, if he be not satisfied with the piece as it stands and is wearied with the efforts to perfect it, far better for him to put it by and

approach it after an interval with a fresh mind. In other words, "Do not attempt to clear a five-barred gate on a tired Pegasus."

I have for my own part found the advice of some of my friends most helpful, more especially that given me by Sir Charles Stanford and by Mr. Plunket Greene, when I was collaborating with the former in view of vocal interpretation by the latter. As an instance, I may refer to the air "She hung her petticoat up to dry," for which I was obliged to submit three distinct versions before I gained the joint approval of my two critics. The result is now known as "One at a time" and is to be found in the collection entitled "Songs of Erin." *Labor omnia vincit.*

This being so, what course of preparation in Songcraft may best be recommended?

If I were asked to advise the beginner how to apprentice himself to his art I should advise him to begin, as accident led me to do, by a study of the music of Folk-songs which wanted words, with a view to matching them with suitable lyrics. Let him take one of the Folk-song books of that division of the United Kingdom to which he belongs and saturate himself with its music. The simplest way would be to select one of the volumes of the English, Welsh or Irish Folk-song journals, which contain airs still requiring words, or possessing only a fragment or two of the original lyrics written to them.

It is presumed, of course, that having a lyrical tendency he has some small acquaintance with music. Let him develop this by learning at any rate to play a simple air on the piano, and to sing it to himself, so getting it thoroughly into his head. This was the method adopted by Moore when composing words to the Irish melodies. He did not put down the words on paper, but thought them out to each air and hummed them to it as he paced the terrace of Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, sometimes for the greater part of a morning.

In the case of difficult airs, described by Moore as "wild rakes hard to tie down in the bonds of sober matrimony," he will have to get the measure very carefully into his head. To do so it will not be amiss even to make up a nonsense jingle of the same rhythmic values as the air upon which he is engaged. Here is an example of such a nonsense jingle, fitted to a wonderful and very wayward Irish pipe tune, noted in North Wales many years ago, and which is still waiting for appropriate words:

" When Jimmy went to London city,
When Jimmy went to London town,
He didn't ask for London pity,
Simply knocked the citizens down."

This jingle only accounted for the first half of the tune, but as the second half of it was identical in construction, there was no need for more nonsense verse as a mnemonic.

Another method is suggested by Mr. Fox Strangways for the use of the song translator and might well be employed by the song writer, who prefers to think out the meaning of a song accurately before throwing it into poetic form. This is to embody his ideas in a prose version and afterwards to give them lyrical expression. Such a procedure would have the advantage of preventing him from being rhyme-ridden, and might suit some song writers better than the plan first proposed, at any rate in the earlier stages of their careers. After passing through such preliminary exercises they will almost insensibly acquire the power of spontaneous expression.

The question of metre, rhyme and poetical character suggested by music has been well dealt with by Thomas Davis, the Irish national song writer. He was passionately devoted to his country's music and expressed it in a few stirring ballads which are truer Folk-songs than any of Moore's, but his invaluable life was cut short when his lyrical genius was in full flower. He has, however, left behind him an essay on Songcraft which serves as a preface to Michael Joseph Barry's Book of Irish Songs, and certainly merits reprinting for the valuable hints it gives the young writer of words to our national music, as I think the following extracts will show. I am sure my readers will agree that this essay of Davis's is a notable instance of his unselfish readiness to impart for the common good what other lyricists have regarded as the legitimate trade secrets of their craft :—

“ In endeavouring to learn an air for the purpose of writing words to it, the first care should, of course, be to get at its character as gay, hopeful, loving, sentimental, lively, hesitating, woeful, despairing, resolute, fiery or variable.

“ Many Irish airs take a different character when played fast or slow, lightly or strongly, but there is one mode of playing which is best of all, and the character expressed by it must determine the character of the words. For nothing can be worse than a gay song to calm music, or massive words to a delicate air : in all cases the tune must suggest, and will suggest to the lyricist the sentiment of the words.

“ The tune will, of course, fix the number of lines in a verse. Frequently the number and order of the lines can be varied. Three rhymes and a fall, or couplets, or alternate rhymes, may answer the same set of notes : or rhymes, if too numerous, may be got rid of by making one long instead of two short lines. Where the same notes come with emphasis at the end of musical phrases, the words should rhyme, in order to secure the full effect.

"The doubling two lines into one is most convenient where the first has accents on both the last syllables, for thus you escape the necessity of double rhyming. In the softer airs the effect of this is rather agreeable than otherwise.

"Talking of double rhymes, they are peculiarly fitted for strong political and didactic songs, for the abstract and political words in English are chiefly of Latin origin, of considerable length and gravity, and have double accents. The more familiar English words (which best suit most songs) contain few doubly accented terminations and are, therefore, little fitted for double rhyming.

"Expletive syllables in the beginning of lines where the tune is sharp and gay are often an improvement, but they should never follow a double rhyme.

"In strong and firm tunes, having a syllable for every note is a perfection, though one hard to be attained without harshness, from the crowd of consonants in English.

"With soft tunes, on the other hand, it is commonly better to have in most lines two or more light tones to one word."

The Welsh have been great sinners in their disregard of this latter excellent piece of advice relating to words for firm and soft tunes; indeed, they have softened, not to say enervated, too many of their firm tunes in order to allow single syllables to do double duty. Such slurring has quite spoilt the character of some of the most finely resolute Welsh airs.

Not only Irish lyrical writers to Irish airs, but all lyrical writers, treating national airs and all song translators, would greatly benefit by following these precepts offered to us by Thomas Davis. The only small criticism which I am inclined to offer upon them relates to what Davis says about Irish airs taking a different character when played fast or slow, lightly or strongly, there being, however, in his opinion, one mode of playing which is best of all. Now, I think it will be admitted by all lovers of national music that the slow version of the air to which St. Patrick's Day is written and to which Moore composed his lyric of "The Legacy," is quite as beautiful as the faster version of the air. Other cases could readily be cited.

By such preparation in writing fresh words for Folk-songs and trimming old Folk-song words as the lyrical writer will have gone through, he will have arrived at a feeling for musical expression in verse which will better qualify him to write original songs likely to prove attractive.

He is now in a position to consider his attitude towards the composer, the singer, and the general public.

He must write words that will attract the composer so that his words may be set to music. He must write words that will attract the singer, which are singable and will give the latter scope for light and shade and dramatic or emotional treatment. Finally, like the playwright, the song writer must write for a general audience, especially if he wishes to be a successful writer of popular songs and ballads.

And first let us consider his attitude towards the composer. He must be prepared for such needs as the following :—

1. A single theme with a unified idea.
2. Musical suggestion.
3. Yet with variety, so as to suggest changes of time, phrasing and key.
4. Atmosphere.
5. Colour.
6. A marked rhythm.
7. Feeling.
8. Obvious pauses for rest and breathing at reasonable intervals.

It is common sense, of course, for the song writer to make a careful study of the past work of those composers with whom he is most in sympathy, and he will frame his lyrics accordingly.

In comment upon the above, the words of the song should be memorised by the author. If he does not find them easy to remember he may be sure they are not worth remembering. If they be really worth remembering he may be sure that they possess atmosphere, "a something all-pervading, to which all detail is subordinate, and to which at the same time every detail contributes," as Mr. Plunket Greene well defines it. And he cites Walt Whitman's "Ethiopia Saluting the Colours" as an atmospheric poem of mystery, musically interpreted by Dr. Charles Wood with haunting effect, also instancing the Hungarian Folk-song "Mohacs Field," so incomparably set by Francis Korbay, as a conspicuous example of a song impregnated with the atmosphere of "virility."

A song will generally have colour if it possesses atmosphere, and the lyricist's "harvest of the quiet eye" which has given it that colour will be translated by the sympathetic composer into musical colour, which will in turn be interpreted by the tone colour of the singer who is an artist.

And pervading the music and atmosphere and colour of verse, there is style, that artistry of the inevitable word, the consummate phrase,

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A song will generally have colour if it possesses atmosphere, and the lyricist's "harvest of the quiet eye" which has given it that colour will be translated by the sympathetic composer into musical colour, which will in turn be interpreted by the tone colour of the singer who is an artist.

And pervading the music and atmosphere and colour of verse, there is style, that artistry of the inevitable word, the consummate phrase,

by means of which the lyric reaches perfection. No doubt style is the summit of achievement most hard of attainment by any writer, whether of prose or verse. Robert Louis Stevenson, as many another writer before and after Flaubert, had long toiled in vain before acquiring it. But once acquired it makes all work immortal of its kind, and perhaps most of all the lyric, because of its double existence, poetical and musical.

To come now to the practical question of the vocal needs of the singer, which the lyricist must satisfy. A song which may look very pretty on paper may be difficult, if not impossible, to sing. To be specific, use as many vowels and as few consonants as possible in every phrase intended to be sung. As far as may be, avoid sequences of consonants; even a sequence of two awkward ones may be a difficulty for a singer, a sequence of three is generally bad, a sequence of four hopeless, as in the conglomeration to be found in "clustering tresses." Avoid ugly sounds like "ttle" as in little, or "ongue" in tongue, or "ing" unless followed by a vowel. Eschew such gutturals as are to be found in "lough" at the end of a phrase, though, as in the case of "Lough Areema" it may be redeemed by a word radiant with vowel sounds: avoid, too, a succession of "s" sounds unless used for the purpose of onomatopœia, such as Poe's "And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain."

Use pure vowels as far as possible, giving a preference to the open vowels, ah, ai, ee, oh, and the diphthong au, more especially when fitting vowels to top notes for existing tunes. Never place short *a* as in "can," short *e* as in "get," short *i* as in "king," short *o* as in "cot," or any kind of *u* sound on high or emphatic notes for the same purpose. Try to get a melodic sequence of vowels, and avoid if possible the sequence of two identical vowel sounds. Avoid explosive consonants at the end of a word in a legato phrase, but when a word should be hit let it begin with a hard-hitting consonant, an explosive, a dental or a guttural. When the sound should be carried on use *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *w*, *y*, and *h* for preference, for these are the most singable of the consonants and semi-vowels.

In addition to the above recommendations, Mr. Plunket Greene may be thus quoted from his "Interpretation in Song." In singing, the vowel is the predominant partner as the very derivation of the word consonant implies, and its work must never be stopped by petty interferences of consonants.

And now with regard to the public. To what length, in order to find favour with it, should songs and ballads go? The song should certainly not exceed three stanzas in length, but if a lyrical writer finds it impossible to carry out an idea which is possessing him within so

short a compass, he has the alternative of writing two short songs in contrast with each other which will completely embody his thoughts and may be bracketed together. He may go further and expand his lyrical idea in a song sequence or cycle of four or six short songs. He must be careful, however, to do this with sufficient variety of treatment both in character and metre. There must be a sufficient body of thought to carry on the listener from point to point, its gold leaf must not be beaten out too fine.* For however exquisite the technique of his verse may be if it be without "the lyrical cry," the poet will not attract the partnership of convincing music.

Ballads should not, as a rule, run to more than four or five verses. Twenty-four lines is as much as our modern sophisticated audiences will now stand, except perhaps in the case of a humorous ballad.

A very good example of what a poet can put into a ballad of only sixteen lines is Campbell's "Adelgitha."

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger,
But when he knelt to claim her glove:
"Seek not," she said, "O gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land,
Whose sword by right had set me free:
And I must wear the willow garland
For him who's dead or false to me."

"O say not that his faith is tainted!"
He raised his visor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted:
It was indeed her own true knight.

Strangely enough, this ballad has never, to my knowledge been set to music. This, no doubt, is an old-fashioned example and would not be the kind of work that one of our Georgian poets would care to put his hand to, but is a remarkable example of clarity and compression.

In this matter of clarity of course there must be nothing ambiguous in expression or vague in thought in words for music. They must

*Tennyson's "Songs from Maud," so ably set by Arthur Somervell, are a notable example of this.

at once convey their intended meaning. I have been made fun of in my own family for the following couplet:—

Amid the meadows, among bright petals,
Softly settles a flight of stares:

and asked what "the flight of stairs" was doing in the meadow. Yet a flight is a flock, and stares are starlings, and anyone merely reading the lines would have had no difficulty with them. But they serve as a warning to any song writer who would put such ambiguous words into a singer's mouth.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE PIANOFORTE OF EMMANUEL MOOR

A FINISHED work of art is a sensitive thing, and much set in its ways. It has been delicately adapted to the conditions under which, and for which, it was made, and when you try to acclimatise it to new and apparently better conditions, you may display a mistaken sympathy for what you conceive to be its sufferings in its original state. No player can do justice to his instrument unless he is disposed by instinct and training to treat all its limitations as qualities rather than as defects.

WHY INVENT NEW INSTRUMENTS?

The removal of a limitation from an instrument almost always alters its character in such a way that players who know only the modern instrument are likely to misinterpret music that was designed for the old limitations. Passages which automatically produced the right balance of tone, because the composer adjusted them to the weak points of the instrument, will produce the wrong balance of tone when these weak points have become strong points; and the player will have no means of knowing what is the matter, or whether anything is the matter with these passages, since the composer will have given no directions for methods of performance where only one method had been conceivable. Where the imperfections of an instrument are local and unsystematic—where, for instance, they are of the kind that has to be catalogued in a "list of difficult or impossible shakes," or of things easy in one key and impossible in a neighbouring key—such difficulties are merely vexing, and no resistance is made by any reasonable person to the efforts of instrument makers to remove them. Berlioz, in his treatise on instrumentation, gave a pageful of illustrations of passages for the clarinet such as anybody might naturally write for it, but which were all unplayable in his day. Strauss, in re-editing and supplementing Berlioz's treatise, shows that on a modern clarinet all these passages are quite easy except two or three which involve the permanent nature of the instrument.

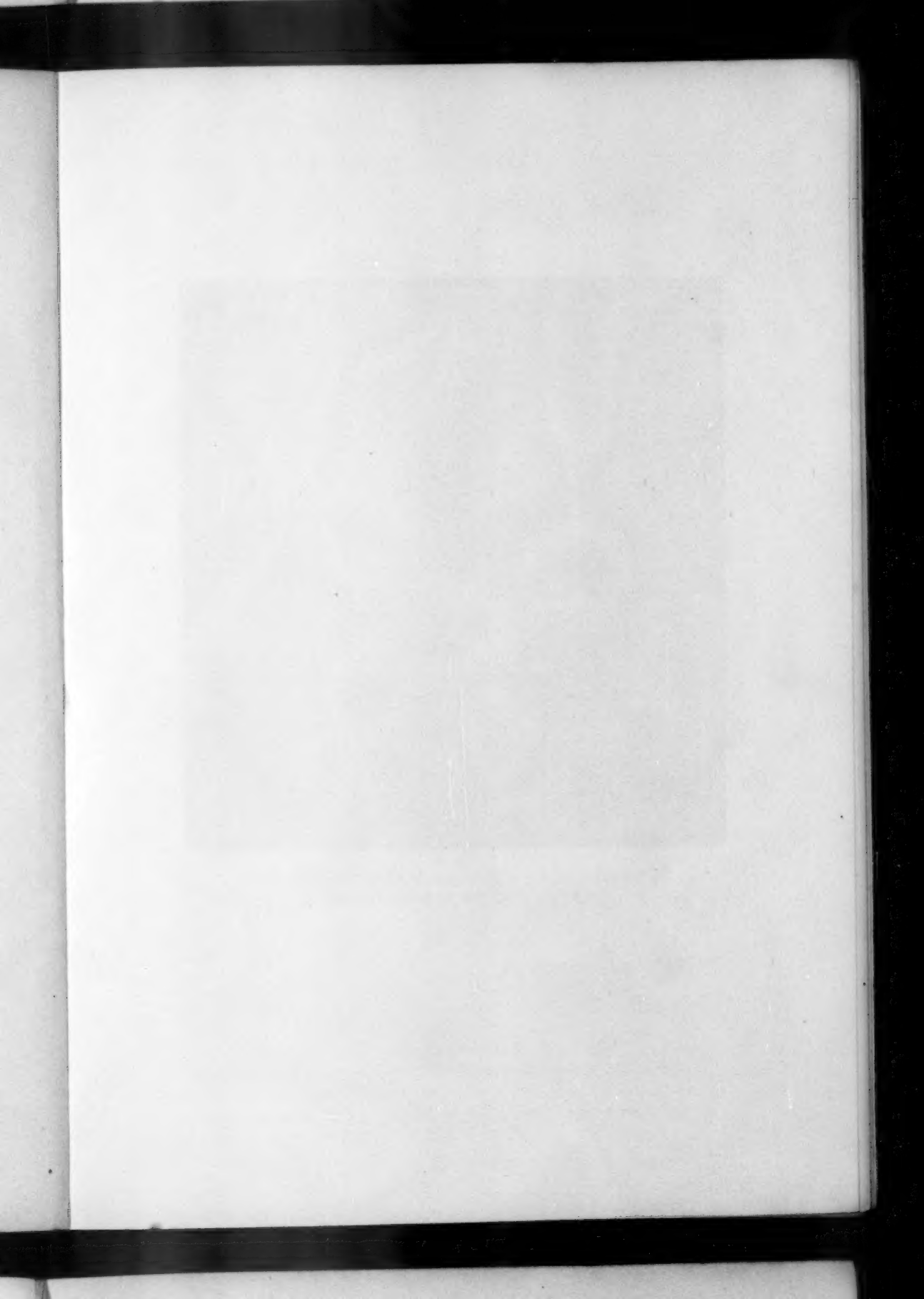
Every composer and every player must welcome improvements which remove merely irritating and capricious difficulties, so long as the removal does not involve serious changes in the character of the instrument. The imperfections of the horn in Beethoven's time were so enormous that the aesthetics of horn-writing and horn-playing were, as they still are, a totally distinct branch of music, and the whole

conception of tone-production on the horn was so fundamentally adapted to these imperfections, that it would never have come into existence had the instrument been perfect to begin with. When the ventil-mechanism was invented, which gave the horn a complete scale, nobody was quicker to take exhaustive advantage of it than Wagner; yet so deeply did he disapprove of the total disappearance of the old horn technique, that in the preface to the full score of *Tristan* he actually says that he would certainly have had to abandon the advantages of the new instrument if experience had not shown him that it was possible, by careful training, to induce players to acquire a technique "almost" as good as the old. But for this conservative attitude on the part of one of the greatest reformers in musical history, the modern horn would, by this time, have become indistinguishable from a bass trumpet.

Thus it comes about that the spirit which thinks sympathetically of the habits and nature of an instrument is not often the spirit that is discontented enough with existing instruments to feel inclined to invent new ones. When you are deliberately planning a work of art, all your training will have disciplined you to make the best of even its most tiresome conditions. There is only one type of artistic creation in which your natural impatience of existing conditions is likely to be stimulated; and that is when you are extemporising. It is then that you have no leisure to devise ways and means. It is then that your very wealth of imagination shows you the defects of your instrument merely as defects, which you have no time to turn into qualities.

Now Mr. Emmanuel Moor is a prolific composer whose work always shows three qualities, however wide the range he has covered, or whatever the contrast between one work and another. It is always eminently noble in style; eminently sensitive as to quality of tone and suitability for the instruments used; and eminently in the character of an extemporisation.

If any composer could wish to invent an instrument, he must be a typical *improvisatore*; and if his invention is to be artistically desirable, his taste must be of singular purity. Such an inventor is Mr. Emmanuel Moor. There is nothing improvised about his Duplex-Coupler pianoforte. The very impatience which makes him brush aside as pedantries the conservative accuracies of the musical historian, has made him grimly concentrated in the mechanical perfection of his new instrument. Before this instrument was actually produced, Mr. Moor had written pamphlets describing it and other inventions of the future. In these he vigorously expresses his discontent with existing instruments, and he explicitly challenges instrument makers to take up what he very reasonably tells them is their problem, of executing the ideas which he puts before them. And so it comes about that these preliminary pamphlets convey a quite





DR. DONALD TOVEY AT THE NEW DUPLEX-COUPLER PIANO
INVENTED BY MR. EMMANUEL MOOR

wrong impression of the work that he has done. The aristocratic, improvisatorial character that may be ascribed to his compositions by enthusiastic or cold criticism, finds no counterpart in the work he has himself done in his Duplex-Coupler pianoforte. Nothing could be further from the truth than to imagine that he has merely enjoyed the luxury of inventing the great idea of the instrument, and has left to others the humble task of overcoming the immense technical and mechanical difficulties of carrying it out. It cannot be too strongly asserted that Mr. Moor has done the solid scientific and practical work in every particular of his invention, and this assertion is perfectly consistent with the fullest recognition of the skill, the individual ingenuity and far-seeing enterprise of the eminent pianoforte makers, Messrs. Schmitt-Flohr, of Berne, who have realised his conception.

THE NEW INSTRUMENT WITH THE OLD TECHNIQUE.

The accompanying photograph shows the first specimen of the new instrument, an excellent upright pianoforte of beautiful powerful tone and perfect action. On this instrument you can play without the slightest alteration whatever you have played on an ordinary pianoforte. In future models I understand that the lid will be constructed with a flap, so that the ordinary keyboard may be uncovered alone without revealing anything further. The photograph shows that there is a second keyboard in immediate contact with the first; and a close inspection shows that each white key of the first keyboard has a little hummock at the back which rises to the level of the black keys, and forms a convenient step on to the upper keyboard. I am playing a chord on both keyboards at once with each hand; in the photograph you cannot see the thumb of my left hand or the little finger of my right hand, but it is evident that neither hand is stretched, and that both are in a perfectly natural position. The chord that I am playing is this* :—

*[Ex. 1. On one keyboard playable
only thus, without trill.

Right 1 2 5^b
 G E C

Left 5 2 1
 C G E

On duplex keyboard.

Right	{	Upper	5 ^b C	1 5
		Lower	G E	
Left	{	Upper	5 ^b E	1 5
		Lower	C G	

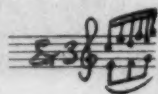
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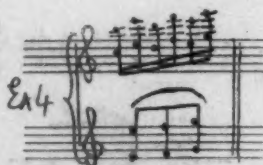
unless I have my foot upon the third pedal, in which case it will sound thus—



The simple facts are, first, that the upper keyboard is throughout an octave higher than the lower, and secondly, that the new pedal couples the notes of the upper keyboard to those of the lower,* so that when this pedal is down everything played on the lower keyboard is doubled in octaves. This coupling takes place without affecting the keys of the upper manual. There is only one set of hammers and one set of strings. I was unable to detect any inconvenience in the action on either manual with or without the coupler. There is absolutely no loss to the ordinary resources of the pianoforte; and, even if the new resources had been full of imperfections and inequalities, they would still be all pure gain as far as they went. The one imperfection that is noticeable in this first specimen of the instrument has already been removed by Mr. Moor, who has invented an ingenious double escapement which will be applied to future specimens. Without this double escapement any note that is already being held down on one manual or with the coupler cannot sound again until you have let it go. So that a *legato* passage of this type :—



will fail to produce the following with the octave coupler :—



*—which are placed immediately below them.—Ed.

and will give—



The double escapement will remove the last hindrance to the perfect independence of the two keyboards.

The limitation is, or was, far less troublesome than may be imagined. I had extemporised on the instrument for some hours before I began to notice it; and after a few days I found myself automatically adjusting matters to it. But its removal will perhaps add another 30 per cent. to the new resources.

What can the instrument do without the use of a new technique? We have accustomed ourselves to a certain style of full harmony and octave playing on the pianoforte, and we call that style "pianistic." A close study of advanced pianoforte literature beginning with Chopin and Liszt, shows that what is regarded nowadays as the chief pianistic element is not nearly so prominent in the best pianoforte music as one is apt to think. Octave passages are rare in Chopin, and are used by him with such special effect that every case of them in his works is famous. He definitely disliked what I may call the cut-glass technique of pianoforte playing, and his few and impressive octave passages really require something quite different. The mark of expression *martellato*, which occurs frequently in the pianoforte works of Liszt and Tausig, has misled a great many pianists who are not gifted, like Liszt, with a very long pair of arms and an enormous technical facility acquired so early that the player could make whatever ferocious gesticulations he pleased without injury to the richness and softness of his touch. A close study of Liszt's octave passages shows that they require nothing remotely like a "hammered" touch, but, on the contrary, a very light elastic wrist action, a lively variety of accentuations, and finally, according to the invariable indications of the composer, an enormous cloud of pedal. I have no hesitation in saying that the common *martellato* octaves of pianistic commerce are among the dullest and ugliest sounds known to instrumental music.

All the best octave playing, including Liszt's clever and much misunderstood "blind octave" method of chopsticks for both hands, aims at something either like an organ, or (if the conception is not *legato*) like bells, or like *pizzicato*. And when you have heard the kind of octaves produced by Mr. Moor's coupler, you will realise that there is little or no æsthetic value in any kind which the coupler, or certain other resources of the new instrument, cannot produce. If you find this is not so, then by all means continue to play octaves in the old way; the new instrument has no objections to them. But I do not think you will have much use for *martellato* pianistics again. You do not find them in composers whose style is broadly polyphonic; and they appear ignominiously in the light of make-shifts when you hear the real thing as the coupler can produce it. Four-fifths of the difficulty of writing full harmony for the pianoforte arises from the necessity of concealing or explaining away the inequalities in the distribution of parts which two hands have to compass. Most writing in full chords consists of about four real parts each doubled in the octave. And when every note of these eight-note combinations has to be played individually by two hands, the composer needs much ingenuity, and the player much practice, in order to keep up appearances. Commonplace composers have their imaginations thoroughly warped by this state of compromise, and there is plenty of second-rate orchestral and chamber music which is perceptibly damaged by habits of mind thus formed at the pianoforte.

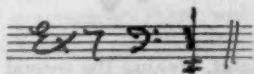
On the Duplex-Coupler pianoforte, if you wish to produce masses of full harmony, you had better arrange your chords on the method of an eighteenth century organist filling out a figured bass. There is no need to keep your hands on the stretch; and there is no need to leave gaps and abnormal positions in your chords. The coupler will fill everything out with perfect balance of tone, and whatever accent you put in any outer or inner part will be perfectly reproduced in the doubling.

On the ordinary pianoforte you might practise four-hand harmony for months with the most capable colleague before you got anything like the balance of tone which is under your own single control on the new instrument. It is quite impossible to form any idea, until you have actually heard it, of the effect of *pianissimo* arpeggios in the left hand with passing-notes and occasional swells and accents, doubled by the coupler, while the right hand on the upper manual plays a melody which is not doubled in octaves. No two pianists will ever get such arpeggios to balance so delicately on two instruments in months of practice.

You may think you know what the effect of a passage of this type will be when doubled in octaves by the coupler :—



I can only say that it was a complete surprise to me when I tried it. There again, no two pianists on two instruments will be able to get near it, and it is quite as easy with the coupler as without it. Under the head of new resources with the old technique, I must also include such chords as those of my first illustration, so long as these chords are taken by themselves without much attempt to connect them; for there is nothing to learn in the mere stretching of one's best fingers forward so as to reach the upper keys instead of the lower. But it is quite obvious that such a chord as :—

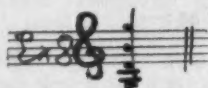


with the E and G played upon the upper keyboard, is a very much more musical proposition than the old classical type of pianoforte crash with the E and G within the octave. I am not proposing to improve the old pianoforte crashes out of existence; as I said at the outset, a work of art is a sensitive creature and very much set in its ways, and this new instrument has not lost a single possibility of the old pianoforte. But it is now time to consider its new technique.

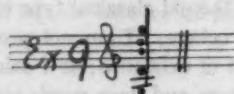
THE NEW TECHNIQUE.

There is no saying how long it may take pianists to work out the new technique of the instrument. Many players will be probably quite content to do wonders in public without learning anything new at all, nor do I suppose that the general public will be able to guess very

clearly what is done by new technique, and what by the mere use of the coupler; but I do know that there is an enormous field of technique in the simultaneous use of the manuals by one or both hands. My present laboratory for experiments in this field is the existing music for pianoforte duet, whether on one or two pianofortes. In general I find, perhaps, about one bar in ten pages of such duets that cannot be played exactly as it stands, with two hands, on the Duplex coupler pianoforte. When you use the coupler indiscriminately you may add more notes to your harmony than your text provides. It would be pedantic to object to this if it does not impair the musical colour or sense; but I have found in my experiments that the best plan is to begin with a determination to play your original four-hand text perfectly literally until it has taught you exactly what the instrument can, and cannot, do. On one occasion a four-hand passage which I finally decided to short-circuit by using the coupler, had taught me five distinct technical principles while I was attempting to play it quite literally. It taught me (1) that compound chords such as those in my first illustration, can be taken in two or three radically different positions; (2) that while chords of the form



are impossible for one hand, because the second joint of the finger that plays D gets jammed against the D of the upper keyboard, this very fact indicates a quite useful way of playing chords of the form



and otherwise producing an occasional octave with the second joint; (3) that, just as in ordinary technique there are many useful glides from a black key to a neighbouring white one, so there are numberless glides in single notes, whole chords or parts of chords from the upper keyboard to the lower; (4) that there is a pleasing crab-like fingering for legato octaves descending in the right hand and ascending in the left, which remains the same for every scale, diatonic, chromatic or whole-toned; and (5) that if a shake in an inner part is inaccessible in its normal position on either keyboard, it may become perfectly easy

if the left hand plays one note on the upper level while the right plays the other below, and there are two methods possible here.

All these devices belong, not to the *bravura* difficulties, but to the elements of the new cross-manual technique. Each of them can be mastered in a five-finger exercise, which I find difficult merely because I am not at the age for learning such things for the first time in my life. A child will learn them as easily as the ordinary technique, and will have far more pleasure in the sound of them. The difficulties are mainly mental, and result from the fact that ordinary pianoforte-playing does not cultivate a sense of backward and forward movement over the keyboard. Hence, though an experienced pianist's hands and fingers are perfectly independent as to lateral movement, they find themselves childishly unready to go opposite ways in the cross-manual technique. A child would acquire this new independence at least as easily as the ordinary independence, and probably sooner, for the new forward movement of the index and middle fingers is a positive relief from the unnatural restraint imposed on them in the ordinary technique. Indeed I have not yet found any position in the new compound technique which is not physically comfortable, though the mental difficulties of the new muscular co-ordinations are formidable at first. Probably a player of one of the wood-wind instruments would master them more easily; the techniques of the flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon bristle with clever cross-fingerings which are easy enough if only you no longer need presence of mind to remember them; and every time a new key is patented to remove a difficulty it sets up half a dozen new devices which may or may not have been foreseen. (It may, for instance, throw the whole instrument out of tune, like the low A for the bassoon, which Wagner persistently wrote by way of driving the instrument-makers to provide it.) At all events the nature of these difficulties is pleasant, interesting and healthy. Their mastery leads only incidentally to acrobatic display, but directly and fundamentally to perfect freedom in the expression of musical ideas, and not less directly and fundamentally to the cultivation of the purest and most intimate pianoforte style. For the new instrument demands, as a foundation for its whole technique, the intensive culture of the oldest elements of pianoforte style, of legato scales, of cantabile, and of transparent part-playing. These elements are conspicuously absent from typical self-consciously "pianistic" music of recent times. Tchaikowsky in his innocence wrote pages of scale-passages in the first editions of his pianoforte concertos in B flat minor and G; in later editions he obeyed his "pianistic" colleagues and turned them all into chopsticks. We had better turn them back again now; the coupler gives twice as much tone as the chopstick technique, whether you want a staccato or a legato; and it is

certain that Tchaikowsky did not, like his pianistic friends, wish to write nothing but chopsticks, since, in spite of them, he persisted in writing plain scales in his last opus, the concerto in E flat. Of course if you still maintain that chopsticks have an æsthetic value otherwise unattainable, you can still play them on the new instrument. But the new instrument will compel you to revive and cultivate the purest Bach-Mozart-Chopin technique. And the general public, which modestly thinks it cares for none of these technicalities, will very soon care intensely for the beautiful pianoforte tones of the pure Bach-Mozart-Chopin technique as set free by the upper manual and multiplied by the coupler; and will be merely bored and disgusted by a technique which confines itself to chopsticks. The age of chandeliers is past; cut glass, though Ruskin condemns it as barbarous, has nevertheless its qualities; but the noble and natural art of glass-blowing wins without effort as a free and copious means of expression.

Here are two characteristic passages playable with the new technique. Of these, Ex. 11 requires no perceptible movement except an inward passage of the right thumb and a slight swing of the left wrist.



ORDINARY PIANOFORTE MUSIC WITH THE NEW TECHNIQUE.

Mr. Moor himself and many reports of the new instrument lay great stress upon its aspect as a means of simplifying the difficulties of the ordinary pianoforte. Obviously this is an important, though not the

most impressive aspect of the coupler, which abolishes all the difficulties of octave-playing without substituting any new technique. The compound, or cross-manual, technique, on the other hand, abolishes all difficulties owing to wide stretches or jumps : thus the following passage from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 90 :—



(which we know that Beethoven himself could play *legato*), is very trying for small hands, but could be played with the new technique by the hand of a child with no greater stretch than would be required for



This and similar simplifications require learning on their own account ; nevertheless, I think that experienced pianists would be well advised to learn them for the sake of mastering the new technique ; except, of course, where the old method is not merely familiar to the player, but has an æsthetic quality of its own. Thus, in the following passage from Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* :—



there is only one wrist-and-finger action that will produce the characteristic touch of the right-hand figure ; and though I daresay that touch could be imitated by the easier cross-manual movement, I am quite certain that it would never occur to any player who had no experience of the older method. But the left hand I should never dream of playing otherwise than across the manuals, unless I had a very large hand.

There is no artistic merit whatever in the unrhythmic breaking of those chords which here, as constantly in Schumann, go beyond the normal stretch; and if custom has hitherto made us imagine that the meaningless sloppiness produced by frequent disturbances of this kind has any genuine pianistic or other musical character, the new instrument will soon educate us out of that idea. Wherever a chord can gain anything by being broken, you can break it, and the new instrument will teach you to value the effect as Liszt valued it—as a resource, and not as a makeshift.

The reduction of skips is not always advisable. At the first public demonstration of the new instrument, a great impression was made by the Liszt-Paganini Campanella, performed across the two manuals some four times faster than it has any business to go in real life. That harmless little firework has the expression of a troupe of acrobats flying at a great height in a set of trapezes. I am not sure that it has as great an æsthetic value: trapeze artists are athletes in perfect condition, whose performance gives us more pleasure than similar performances by monkeys, because it exhilarates us with the feeling that it is being achieved easily and gracefully by well-proportioned fellow humans. And it is by no means a condition of the performance that it should be extremely fast; what we enjoy is not the pace, but the punctuality, the certainty, and hence the safety; which we feel is quite independent of the nets provided against accidents. A cinematograph could, no doubt, show us the trapeze performance ten times faster, but the spectacle would be merely nonsensical; the real sensation the cinematograph provides is when it can show us the performance ten times as slow; we then find that the movements of the acrobats are more graceful the more time we have to look at them.

Now, on the pianoforte, as on the violin, the true technique of the Campanella is a set of graceful and precise muscular movements; they are, however, neither easily visible nor interesting to watch. But the impression conveyed by the music is undoubtedly that of wide, accurate, and rhythmic leaps. Consequently, any method of performance which destroys the muscular action and touch suggestive of that impression, destroys the whole point of the piece; nobody, for instance, has ever dreamed of so futile a thing as to arrange it for four hands; and when it comes to ticking it off on the two manuals four times as fast as Liszt ever played it, why not use a typewriter while you are about it? If the difficulty, as distinguished from the implied muscular activity, is essential to the musical quality of such wide skips, then they must either be played on the new instrument with the old method, or another octave must be added to their extent by the use of the upper manual. Fortunately, such skips become meaningless if so extended; and accordingly



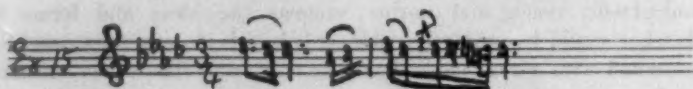
MR. EMMANUEL MOOR AT HIS DUPLEX-COUPLER GRAND PIANOFORTE

we may gather that the new instrument will educate us to draw the line more intelligently between those difficulties that have musical expression and those which have not.

The application of its resources to passages of ordinary pianoforte music will be full of problems for the artistic conscience. There is, as we have already seen, a great and immediate temptation to turn the gritty crashing left-hand chords of earlier pianoforte writers into something more spacious and sonorous. The objection to this procedure is not that it does not effect an unmistakable improvement on the spot; the trouble is that such an improvement to a passage which the composer himself probably regarded as an everyday affair may be so impressive as to overshadow or forestall the composer's highest and most delicately organised triumph of euphony later on. My belief is that, with such a composer as Beethoven, it would be as well to treat the new instrument with extreme conservatism. If that is your starting point, the instrument will soon educate the pedantry out of you, and will enable you to advance rapidly beyond the letter to the spirit of Beethoven's intentions: whereas, if you start as a bold free-lance, you will lose not only Beethoven's style, but also all that might be really Beethovenish in your new resources. Far more freedom is possible in certain compositions where the composer is so notoriously strained by the relation of two hands and an old pianoforte to his ideas that players avoid these works. A great deal of Schubert's *Wanderer-Phantasie*, and many passages in his other pianoforte works, are in a semi-orchestral style which as pianoforte writing is undoubtedly violent and unripe; whereas the ideas and forms it sketches would be evidently noble and broad if only they could be presented with a reasonable degree of euphony. The same criticism applies to the three pianoforte sonatas of Brahms: early works, the astonishing harmonic and dramatic ripeness of which is disguised by a shrillness and awkwardness of pianoforte style which Brahms himself was the first to recognise, and to avoid in his middle and later works.

Roughly speaking, we may say that there are three stages of pure pianoforte music. By "pure" I mean fundamentally accurate, so that the player can take the composer to have meant exactly what he wrote. First, the eighteenth century Mozart-Haydn style, like line-drawing with a little shading, mostly done with a very hard pencil, and (to drop the metaphor) ostentatiously relying upon leaving out whatever interferes with free phrasing, or tends to keep the hands stretched. The immense range of Beethoven's pianoforte work puts enormous strain upon this style, but does not lead him to abandon its principles as the bulwarks of his pianoforte æsthetics. The second accurate pianoforte style is that represented by Chopin. It is no

longer sketchy, and you seldom or never find a passage in Chopin which is like a drawing where parts have been left unshaded with the same purpose as the golden cloud which separates one region of a Chinese picture from another. On the other hand, Chopin, though his harmonies and progressions are never crude, is a composer whose interests are neither polyphonic nor orchestral. These negative facts result in a style which is universally acclaimed as the purest pianoforte style in existence. The weak point in that claim is that it assumes that the pianoforte, or any instrument of importance, is an animal that lives exclusively on a certain kind of food, and that the object of music is to provide that food for it. The truth is that the instrument is made for music, not music for the instrument; and (to cut the argument short) if the composer's interests are not polyphonic and not orchestral, a very great proportion of the pianoforte's interests are both. In the third stage Liszt restored the orchestral interests, already very strong in Beethoven, to the style of the pianoforte; while Brahms, who started in his pianoforte sonatas by writing wild-cat score-playing, soon settled down to a wonderfully mature pianoforte polyphony which is never sketchy and is singularly scrupulous in avoiding anything that cannot be played accurately. The new instrument will not have many problems of conscience or taste to solve in dealing with Chopin and Brahms. One's chief doubt will be whether one may use the coupler where it adds more notes than the composer wrote. Thus, for instance, in Chopin's A flat Polonaize, if the original theme were :—



its repetition *fortissimo* with added octaves would become the following :—



when you simply repeat it with the coupler; whereas, of course, Chopin could only write :—



As a matter of fact, my quotation in Ex. 15 is designedly incorrect. Chopin avoided the double grace-note, probably because it could not be maintained effectively in the *fortissimo* version. Even as he works out the problem the grace-note is a hardly concealed weakness in its presentation in the *fortissimos*.

I believe that, after a little acquaintance with the instrument, the conviction will grow that if Chopin is going to turn in his grave at future performances of his works, it will be at performances which reject the coupler in a passage of this type, rather than at those which use it. In any case the instrument is blameless; it will always let you stick to the old ways if you must.

THE CEMBALO STOP.

At the left side of the lower keyboard there is a handle, not visible in the photograph. When you pull this handle forwards a kind of sordine intervenes between the hammers and the strings, or in the grand pianofortes I understand that a further set of special small hammers comes into play. In either case, the result is a surprisingly good kind of generalised harpsichord tone. I am not going to say anything about the instrument which is not strictly the truth, and the whole truth. There are eminent artists who have made the harpsichord their life-study, and there are superb modern harpsichords which embody all that Bach required. We need not expect these artists, executive and constructive, to be enthusiastic about this part of the new invention. The Cembalo stop of the Moor pianoforte is neither more nor less than what I have called it—an excellent generalisation of harpsichord tone. The real harpsichord had five or six quite distinct qualities and combinations of tone, and the two-manual instrument Bach had in his own house, for which he wrote such works as the Goldberg Variations, and the Italian Concerto, had not only the four-foot tone effect of the octave coupler, but also a 16-foot coupling of the lower octave, so that passages for the full power of the instrument sounded in three octaves at once. If, however, the cembalo stop of the Moor pianoforte is not the equivalent of Bach's harpsichord in respect of distinct species of tone and the fullest range of octave-coupling, it is at the very least a generalised harpsichord with the addition of all the pianoforte freedom and control of light and shade. If you cannot distinguish melody from accompaniment by radical difference of timbre, you can still do more than all that good pianoforte playing can do for the distinction, and I cannot conceive any sane pianist who would play harpsichord or clavichord pieces on anything but the cembalo

stop of the Moor pianoforte, unless he had an opportunity of mastering them on perfect examples or reproductions of the old instruments themselves.

The concerted suites of Rameau, the sonatas of Scarlatti, the keyboard works of Bach other than organ works, and even some pianoforte works of Haydn and Mozart—all these things are restored to their original meaning by the cembalo stop of the Moor pianoforte, with the addition of scholarly use of the coupler. The Clavier Concertos of Bach can now be performed in the largest concert halls with an ideal adaptation of Bach's intentions to the acoustics of large places and large orchestras. In spite of the fact that the harpsichord, and even to some extent the clavichord tone is only generalised by this cembalo stop, the immediate result of this successful generalisation is that the variety of tone colour and the contrasts between fuller and thinner harmony, which are so all-important in early eighteenth-century music, now become self-evident to you as you revel in this golden glitter. The mere first shock of relief from the tubby thinness of early eighteenth-century writing as interpreted on the literal-minded pianoforte—this shock is enough to release the spirit of the harpsichord music, and abolish for ever the old pianistic attitude which ranges between unintelligent grinding out of the mere notes of the text and arbitrary translation into modern pianistic chopsticks.

The cembalo stop blends ideally with the violin and violoncello as treated in eighteenth-century music.

PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

The effect of the new instrument upon musical education is incalculable, but certain principles may be established at once. The danger for those who are already pianists is that of getting into a cul-de-sac by merely adapting their present habits to the new conditions, without betimes exploring the radically new technical possibilities. Such lack of foresight will lead to a position much like that of motor traffic without proper motor roads. The generation that will arise when the ordinary pianoforte has become rare, will suffer from the other set of dangers—such dangers as made Wagner say that the ventil horn had temporarily so lowered the musical standards of horn-playing that he was tempted to do without the vents. Howsoever the young lions may roar, it is quite clear that the elements of good scale playing and extended arpeggios, and even of some types of the old octave technique, must always remain part of the fundamental equipment of the pianoforte player. Future instructive or practical editions of

ordinary pianoforte music will need to be judged by the clearness and truthfulness with which they present to the student the meaning of such passages as may no longer produce the intended effect automatically by being playable only in one way. The educational problems will be interesting, stimulating, and serious: the abuse of the new resources will be one of those necessary evils of which optimists tell us that the best of all possible worlds is exclusively constructed; but on the whole the new problems will be musical and not silly.

M. Casella, and others who have already discussed the new instrument, have pointed out, with many valuable suggestions, that the notation of music for it will require consideration. An ideal and practical notation should consider two points of view: that of the player, and that of the all-round musician who has the right to get at the sense and sound of the music without going the roundabout way of mastering all its technical difficulties on the special instrument it may happen to be written for. I am strongly of opinion that Duplex-Coupler music should be noted strictly according to the sound produced. Passages doubled by the coupler may very well be written simply according to the notes played with a special sign, *e.g.*, C8..... But I strongly deprecate, from every point of view, any such habit as that of writing for the upper manual an octave lower than the real sound. If and when it is necessary to prescribe exactly how the upper manual is to be used, four staves will be required, two for the right hand and two for the left. The passages quoted in Examples 10 and 11 will then appear as follows:—

Ex 17

The musical notation for Example 17 is presented on four staves. The top two staves are labeled 'R' for the right hand, and the bottom two are labeled 'L' for the left hand. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and fingerings. Some notes are marked with '8', indicating an octave shift. The piece is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is complex, with many beamed notes and fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5.



It is doubtful whether any but the most ingenious cross-manual passages will require such a notation, just as it is doubtful whether a virtuoso composer is well advised in putting fingerings all over his compositions. What suits one pair of hands does not suit another; and when a composer has a thorough grasp of the character of an instrument, he is generally justified in writing what he wants in an ordinary musical notation, and leaving it to the player to find out a suitable fingering. Of course, if he knows of a special technical device, the addition of a suitable fingering may save immense trouble; and perhaps the simplest of all ways of indicating cross-manual devices would be to have a special type of fingering-sign for notes that were to be played on the upper manual; say Roman figures, or, less bulky and more distinctive, the first five letters of the Greek alphabet, $\alpha \beta \gamma \delta \epsilon$. Often the mere presence of a finger-figure in a normally impossible position would show that the note was to be taken on the upper manual. On the whole I anticipate little trouble with questions of notation if only the enthusiasts do not begin by treating the upper manual as an instrument that transposes an octave higher. If they once do that, most cross-manual passages will become unreadable according to musical sense, and the notation will take a shape which gives the player no freedom to find out better fingerings for his own individual hands.

The instrument, in its present state, is singularly perfect, as first specimens of important inventions very seldom are. With one set of hammers and one set of strings it is hardly conceivable that more could be achieved; but there is no doubt that the principle admits of extension. I cannot help looking forward to a future in which every big concert hall shall contain as a fixture, like an organ, a gigantic

triplex-coupler pianoforte, with a third lower manual an octave below the normal; with the possibility of coupling all three, or any two; and a variety of cembalo stops, which, together with this triplex-coupling, shall make it the exhaustive modern concert-room translator of Bach's harpsichord. A little calculation shows that much of the complex technique needed for the solo playing of four-hand music on the present Duplex-Coupler pianoforte would disappear if there was a lower octave coupler as well as the present one. I do not foresee that the gigantic instrument of the future will develop into any such chaotic menagerie as the modern organ. The tone of the pianoforte is as characteristic as the resources are immense; and it blends with other instruments only by contrast. With some it never has blended, and never will. For instance, the combination of organ and pianoforte, which I am sorry to find very popular at this moment in the capital of Scotland, belongs to the æsthetic world of paper imitations of stained glass. And I received a rude shock when, in exploring Schubert's *Divertissement Hongroise*, I pulled out the cembalo stop in order to get the effect of the Hungarian zimbalom at the cadenza. The cembalo stop is not so constructed that you can use it simultaneously with pianoforte tone; for instance, you cannot have one manual pianoforte and the other cembalo, and I do not think that either the inventor or any other musician of fine sensibility will ever desire to mix the two types of sound. From such considerations we may conclude that while it is highly probable that the principle of the instrument will be extended to a triplex-coupler and perhaps half a dozen distinct harpsichord stops, it will not proceed very much further in complexity. I do not, for example, foresee the advent of a pedal-board. The damper pedal has been well-called the soul of the pianoforte, and it has too much technique of its own to leave the producer free to play actual notes with his feet as well as with his hands. If his feet have two or three couplers to work as well as the damper and una-corda pedals, that will be quite enough to occupy them. It might be conceivable that to the resources of a triplex coupler were added those of the *sostinente* piano—which I have always been given to understand was by no means unsuccessful (it was a pianoforte in which a very rapid tremolo action of the hammer produced a good evenly sustained note)—and if this resource could be brought into such control as not permanently to displace that suggestive evanescence of tone which is the essential peculiarity of the pianoforte, we should then have an instrument of still more universal resource without arriving at the characterless chaos of an art with no limitations. Another important theoretic possibility is that of valuable new *timbres* produced by striking the strings at different points; e.g., a hammer striking the string exactly at the middle should

produce a kind of clarinet note. Of course the point selected in the ordinary pianoforte is that which proves best for all purposes; but many valuable special *timbres* might prove possible.

Be this as it may, Mr. Moor's achievement already means that the pianoforte has now come into its own. It is a grown-up instrument, and there is no more excuse for "pianistic" blasphemies against the *cantabile* ideals of Bach, Mozart and Chopin.

D. TOVEY.

NOTES ON A COLLECTION OF MASQUE MUSIC

THERE is in the British Museum an oblong octavo book of miscellaneous seventeenth-century instrumental music known as "Additional MSS. 10,444," and which presents a remarkably comprehensive as well as absorbingly interesting collection of masque dance-tunes. It is not within the province of the average, well-equipped musicologist readily to identify (so far as identification is possible) the court entertainments for which these tunes were composed. That statement is strikingly borne out by the official "Catalogue of Manuscript Music in the British Museum," which, in its third volume, p. 173, gives a condensed list of the tunes and makes but slight attempt to assign them to their source. Here, the feebleness of the conjecturing demonstrates that the task is one purely for the dramatico-literary historian, some investigator who has for long been concerning himself with the origin, development and *modus operandi* of the Masque.

Since in the matter of the identification of these masque-dances we have nothing to go upon but their titles, it is essential that the titles should be given in full, with numbering for elucidation and pagination for reference. The trebles and basses are arranged separately in the same sequence and only the pagination of the trebles is now presented. Whenever it has been found impossible either to solve the individual problem or cast light upon it, the item has been passed over in silence.

Much of the vagueness of the list is more apparent than real. Broadly speaking, there were two kinds of masque-dances in the early days of the Stuarts, and both are well exemplified in this collection. In the first place, the grave allegorico-lyrical features of the masque were agreeably broken in upon by an irregular, constantly increasing number of "antimasques," otherwise fantastic character-dances, which, with rare exceptions in the Caroline age, were executed by professionals from the playhouses. Some of these antimasques were afterwards introduced into new plays at the public theatres, and the fact that this collection comprises one or two which were so introduced and became notably associated with the work of Shakespeare and his later contemporaries gives it an adventitious historical interest.

In sharp contrast with these intermediate comic dances, both in their nature and in their participants, were the three formal, stately dances with which the costly entertainment ended. Great as was the

care and frequent the rehearsal these demanded, they were undertaken entirely by persons of blue blood or of the blood royal. A hard and fast distinction was made between amateur and professional. Given, not on the masque-stage, but more commodiously on the floor of the hall, these terminal dances were often as intricate as they were stately, proceeding from evolution to evolution, until the executants finally marshalled themselves in a series of letters spelling the name of a prince. Little wonder that the various progressions had to be diagrammed by the producer. These three formal dances were known as the Entry, the Main, and the Going out. Between the second and third occurred "the Revels," otherwise a sort of ball in which the masquers chose partners from among the spectators and for the best part of an hour danced galliards and corantos. In the ensuing list music composed for the triad of terminal dances can always be recognised by the one title thrice sequentially repeated.

LIST
OF MASQUE-DANCES IN ADD. MSS. 10,444.

- (1)—F. 10b—The Queenes Masque, the first.
- (2)—" 11b—The Queenes Maske, the second.
- (3)—" 12b—The Queens third masque.
- (4)—" 13 —Broxboorn berry Maske.
- (5)—" 13b—Broxboorn berry Masque.—The Temple Anticke¹.
- (6)—" 14b—The Temple Anticke².
- (7)—" 15 —A re Masque.
- (8)—" 15b—Adsonns Maske.
- (9)—" 16 —The Princes Masque 1.
- (10)—" 16b—The Princes 2 Masque—The Princes third Masque.
- (11)—" 17 —They Haymakers Masque.
- (12)—" 17b—The Ladies Masque, 1—The Ladyes Second Masque.
- (13)—" 18 —The Ladyes third Masque.
- (14)—" 18b—Bateman's Masque—The Turkes Dance.
- (15)—" 19 —The Beares Dance.
- (16)—" 19b—The Birds Dance—A Masque at Fryers.
- (17)—" 20 —The first of the Lords.
- (18)—" 20b—The second of the Lordes.
- (19)—" 21 —The third of the Lords.—The first Witches Dance.
- (20)—" 21b—The Second Witches Dance—the Babboons Dance.
- (21)—" 22 —A Masque.
- (22)—" 22b—Pearce his Maske—Sr. Jerome Pooles Masque.
- (23)—" 23 —Hampton Court Masque.
- (24)—" 23b—The old Anticke Masque.
- (25)—" 24 —A Masque—A Masque.
- (26)—" 24b—A Masque in Flowers—Johnson's flatt Masque.
- (27)—" 25 —A Masque.
- (28)—" 25b—The First of the Temple—The Second of the Temple.
- (29)—" 26 —The third of the Temple.
- (30)—" 26b—The First of the Lords—the second of the Lords—the third of the Lords.

- (31)—F. 27 —A Masque.
(32)— „ 27b—A Masque—The Saylers Masque.
(33)— „ 28 —Sr. Francis Bacon's Masque.
(34)— „ 28b—Sir Fra: Bacon's Second Masque—Cuperaree or Graysin.
(35)— „ 29 —The Second.
(36)— „ 29b—The Fooles Masque.
(37)— „ 30 —The Nymphes dance—The Lord Hays his Masque.
(38)— „ 30b—The Nobleman.
(39)— „ 31 —The Satyres Masque.
(40)— „ 31b—The Fairey Masque.
(41)— „ 32 —The Pages Masque.
(42)— „ 32b—A Masque—The Gypsies Masque—Blacke Fryars Masque.
(43)— „ 33b—The Tempest.
(44)— „ 34 —Van-Welly.
(45)— „ 34b—The Sheapheards Masque—1635.
(46)— „ 35 —Durrance Masque—The Lord Hayes his first Masque.
(47)— „ 35b—The Amazonians Masque—The Maypole.
(48)— „ 36 —The Furies.
(49)— „ 36b—The Cuckolds Masque—The first of the Ladyes, after the Cuckolds.
(50)— „ 37 —The Second—The Third.
(51)— „ 37b—The fourth.
(52)— „ 38b—The Bull Masque.
(53)— „ 39 —The Lady Lucies Masque.
(54)— „ 39b—Mr. Adsons Masque—Adsons Masque.
(55)— „ 40 —The Divells dance.
(56)— „ 40b—Mary Maudling Masque—The First of the Temple—The Second of the Temple.
(57)— „ 41 —The Third of the Temple.
(58)— „ 41b—Graysin Anticke Masque.
(59)— „ 42 —Essex Anticke Masque.
(60)— „ 42b—The first of my Lord of Essex—The Second—The third.
(61)— „ 43b—The Anticke-masque at Court.
(62)— „ 44 —Graysinne Masque.
(63)— „ 44b—Yorke house Masque—The Mountebanks Dance at Grayes Inne.
(64)— „ 45 —The Standing Masque—The Maypole dance, at Grayes Inne.
(65)— „ 45b—The Goates Masque—The first of the Princes Masques.
(66)— „ 46 —The Second—The Third.
(67)— „ 47b—Broxbourn Berry Masque.
(68)— „ 48b—Bateman's Masque—Squiers Masque.
(69)— „ 49 —The first of the Temple—The Second.
(70)— „ 49b—The Third—The first of Sr. John Pegginton Masque.
(71)— „ 50 —The second.
(72)— „ 50b—The third.
(73)— „ 52b—Lincolne's Inn Masque—The Prince his Masque.
(74)— „ 53 —The Apes Dance at the Temple.
(75)— „ 53b—Grayes Inne Masque—Grayes Inne Masque.

Commentary on List.

(1—9).—Unidentifiable. Between Daniel's *Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* (Hampton Court, 1604) and Davenant's *Luminalia* (Whitehall, 1638), both of which come within the category, there were

too many Queen's masques to permit of one indulging in the luxury of a conjecture. The tunes are not given in any sort of chronological order. But these items, like Nos. 9-10, 12-13, 17-19, etc., are valuable as indicating the kind of music to which the three terminal aristocratic dances were executed.

(4—5).—See also No. 67. Probably all three were for the one private masque. Broxbournebury, in Hertfordshire, was the seat of Sir Henry Cocke. James I. spent a night there on May 2, 1603, while on his way to London immediately after his accession. But no record exists of a masque being given there then or at any other time.

(6).—"The four equal and honourable Societies, the Inns of Court," as Shirley styles them, frequently gave masques at Christmas in their own halls, and, from 1613 onwards, much less frequently but at greater cost, gave masques at court. As music for both these inside and outside entertainments of this order occurs in this collection, identification from vague titles becomes doubly difficult.

Here as elsewhere throughout the list "antick" signifies an anti-masque dance. Ben Jonson, who originated the term *antimasque*, defined it as meaning "a foil or false masque," from *anti*=against; but later writers evidently looked upon it as a corruption of antick-masque, otherwise a dance of antics. (See, H. A. Evans, *English Masques*, introd. xxxvii—xli.)

(8).—See also (54). The three items probably belonged to the same masque. My impression is that they were the composition of John Adson, a court flautist, who was sworn in November 4, 1633, and died in 1640.

(9—10).—Notable among Prince's masques were Jonson's *Oberon* (Whitehall, 1611) and his *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, given twice, with variations, in 1618. Music from both occurs later on in the list. See Nos. 39-40 and 65-66.

(12—13).—Terminal dances for one of two masques, either Jonson's *Chloridia* or Davenant's *The Temple of Love*. Both of these were given by Queen Henrietta and her ladies, the former on Shrove Tuesday, 1631, and the latter on Shrove Tuesday, 1635. In both the ordinary routine was reversed, women instead of men figuring as the masquers and giving the three concluding dances. Hence the ascription. If choice had to be made, I should favour *Chloridia*.

(15).—Song and dance of Urson and his bears in Jonson's *Masque of Angurs*, given at Whitehall on Twelfth Night and May 6, 1622.

(16).—*The Birds Dance*. Probably the dance of Volatees in Jonson's *News from the New World*, a Prince's masque, given on Twelfth Night, 1621. But there was also an antimasque of birds in Shirley's *The Triumph of Peace* (1634).

(17—19).—Brit. Mus. Catalogue dates these 1612—3, in reference, of course, to Campion's *The Lords' Masque*, given at Whitehall in honour of the Princess Elizabeth's wedding on February 14, 1613. Some caution is, however, necessary. If here we have the music for the three concluding dances in Campion's masque, what does (30) represent?

(19—20).—*The two Witches' Dances*.—Unmistakably from Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, as at Whitehall on February 2, 1609. These two items are of remarkable historical interest. The first witch dance was designed and composed by Thomas Giles, music and dancing master to Prince Henry, who had already furnished a dance tune for Campion's court masque of 1607. The second was the work of Hierome (*alias* Jeremy) Herne, a court violinist. Both dances—doubtless with their original music—were subsequently transferred to Middleton's tragi-comedy of *The Witch* on its production at Blackfriars ca. December, 1609, but, that play failing, they were again transferred to *Macbeth*, when the great tragedy was revived, after alteration, in 1610. Textual indications of this interpolation are to be found in the First Folio. For fuller details, see *The Fortnightly Review* for November, 1920, pp. 777 ff., "The Mystery of *Macbeth*: a Solution."

(20).—*The Babboons' Dance*.—Antimasque danced by boys in Chapman's *Memorable Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn*, given at Whitehall in honour of the Princess Elizabeth's wedding on February 15, 1619.

(22).—*Pearce his Masque*.—Possibly the composition of Walter Peirce, a court lute player of ca. 1603.

Sr. Jerome Poole's Masque.—No seventeenth-century knight of this name traceable. The reference is probably to Sir German Pole (1573—1634), a distinguished commander who served against the Spanish Armada and in Ireland. His seat, Radbourne Hall, Co. Derby, is still in possession of his descendants.

(23).—After January, 1604, when two masques were given there in the Banqueting Hall, Hampton Court Palace was seldom, if ever, used for such entertainments. Cf. Ernest Law, *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* (1880), introduction, *passim*.

(26).—*A Masque in Flowers*.—From the anonymous *Masque of Flowers*, as presented at Whitehall by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn on Twelfth Night, 1614, in honour of the Earl of Somerset's ill-fated wedding. As its production was superintended by Sir Francis Bacon, who defrayed all the outlay, it was commonly spoken of as Bacon's masque. Hence the three items listed in (33-4) also belong to it.

(28—9).—Possibly terminal dances for the same masque as (6). No sort of order, chronological or otherwise, is preserved in the collection.

(32).—*The Saylers Masque*.—Antimasque dance of the twelve skippers, from Campion's *Masque at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset* (commonly called *The Masque of Squires*), given at Whitehall on December 26, 1613. Lanier's and Coprario's vocal music for this was published with the description of the masque in 1614. See also (68), second item.

(34).—*Cuperaree or Graysin*.—See E. W. Naylor, *An Elizabethan Virginal Book*, p. 7, note. Probably Dr. John Wilson wrote the vocal music for *The Masque of Flowers* and Coprario the instrumental.

(36).—For the dance of Twelve She-Fools in Jonson's *Love Freed from Folly* (1611), a Whitehall masque for which Alfonso Ferrabosco supplied the vocal music and T. Lupo the dance tunes. See Peter Cunningham, *Inigo Jones* (Shakes. Soc., 1848), p. 11.

(37).—*The Nymphes dance*.—Dances so-called are to be found in Daniel's *Tethys' Festival* (1610), Beaumont's wedding masque of 1619, and Jonson's *Chloridia* (1631).

The Lord Hays his Masque.—The B.M. Catalogue says "by T. Lupo [1607]." The reference is to Campion's *Masque in honour of the Lord Hay and his bride*, given at Whitehall early in 1607. Some of the vocal music by Campion and of the instrumental by T. Lupo and Thomas Giles was published the same year with a Description of the masque. Later on (before 1622, when he was created 1st Earl of Carlisle), Lord Hay himself gave several masques, a circumstance which renders difficult the identification of the second item listed at (46).

(38).—Cyril Tournear's lost tragi-comedy, *The Nobleman*, was entered on the Stationers' register on February 15, 1612. It was played at court by the King's Company some time during the Prince Palatine's sojourn there in 1612-13, and, like several other plays then presented there, doubtless contained a masque for which this dance-tune was written.

(39—40).—From Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, given by Prince Henry at Whitehall on January 1st, 1611. "The Satyres Masque" was shortly afterwards reproduced in *The Winter's Tale*. (See A. H. Thorndike, *Shakespeare's Theater*, p. 195; also *The Athenæum* for November 21, 1919, p. 1235, article, "The Date of *The Duchess of Malfi*.")

(41).—Probably for the dance of the sixteen torchbearing pages in Campion's *The Lords' Masque* of 1613.

(42).—*The Gypsies Masque*.—In Carew's *Coelum Britannicum*, as given at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, the fifth antimasque was of Gypsies. (See No. 45 for another item from this masque.) Rimbault says that Robert Johnson's vocal music for Jonson's *Masque*

of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies*, given at Burleigh on the Hill before the King on August 3, 1621, is preserved in the Music School at Oxford. This, I take it, is why the Brit. Mus. Catalogue says mistakenly of this item, "probably by R. Johnson, 1621."

(43).—B.M. Catalogue says, "probably by R. Johnson (1613)." The description of the preceding item gives some colour to this assumption, particularly as it is well assured the masque in *The Tempest* was written to be first used in the performance of the play given at court at the period of the Princess Elizabeth's wedding. One would give a good deal to feel certain that here we have the music of the Reapers' Dance in Shakespeare's play. But once more caution has to be exercised. In *Chloridia* in 1631 the Dwarf announces that he has been sent "to raise Tempest, Winds, Lightnings, Thunder, etc.," and the Fourth Entry, or antimasque following, is represented in a scene depicting "a horrid storm, out of which enters the nymph Tempest, with four Winds," who dance. It is not until other dances have been given by Lightning, Thunder, Rain and Snow that the scene suddenly changes and "the Tempest on an instant ceaseth."

(44).—Ca. 1610—12 a Dutch picture-dealer called Vandell Welde came to court and sold some pictures to the Prince of Wales (Cunningham's *Inigo Jones*, p. xiv). It may be that he was caricatured in some antimasque.

(45).—The fourth antimasque in *Coelum Britannicum* (1634).

(46).—*The Lord Hayes his first Masque*.—See remarks on No. 90. The titling here is ambiguous. It might be taken to mean either a tune from the first masque given by Lord Hay or—what is more in accord with the writer's phraseology—the first terminal dance in one of his masques. In any case we have little to go upon. Jonson's masque, *Lovers Made Men* (sometimes improperly styled *The Masque of Lethe*) was given at Lord Hay's house in honour of the French Ambassador on February 22, 1617. It might almost be denominated the first English opera as it was wholly sung in recitative to the music of Nicholas Lanier. But the secret of this item probably lies in the succeeding one.

(47).—*The Amazonians Masque*.—A *Masque of Amazons* was arranged to be given at Lord Hay's residence early in January, 1618, in honour of the Muscovy Ambassadors, but had to be abandoned owing to some royal caprice. Chamberlain, in writing to Carleton of the circumstance on January 1, 1618, says "they had taken great pains in continual practising, and were almost perfect, and all their implements provided; but whatsoever the cause was, neither the King nor the Queen did like or allow of it, and so all is dashed" (see Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, 1881, I., p. 409; *State Papers, Domestic Series*, 1617, p. 505).

(48).—A dance of Furies was given by M. Charles Murray, M. Seymour and M. Tartarean in Davenant's *Salmacida Spolia*, 1640, notable as the last of the great court masques.

(53).—Probably from a masque given by Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the favourite and confidante of Queen Anne, to whom Daniel dedicated *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* (cf. edit. Ernest Law, 1880, introd. pp. 24-27). She was very fond of masquing and danced in several of Jonson's early masques.

(54).—Probably the composition of John Adson, who was sworn in a court musician for the cornet and flute in ordinary on November 4, 1633, and remained in the King's service until his death in June, 1640. These inclusive dates doubtless mark the period when the music was written. It is noteworthy, however, that "Jean Adson and Guillaume Burt," cornet players from England, had been in the service of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, from 1604 to 1608 (Jacquot, *La Musique en Lorraine*, p. 61). Assuming that the two Adsons were identical, we have no record of John's doings in the interim.

(55).—Evidently for the third Entry in *Chloridia* (1631), where the famous dwarf, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, "richly apparelled as a prince of hell and attended by six infernal spirits," danced.

(58).—This, together with the Gray's Inn items listed at Nos. 62—64 and 75, were probably all for the one masque. See subsequent notes.

(59—60).—All apparently from Jonson's *Hymenai*, as performed at court on January 4, 1606, in honour of the marriage of young Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, then a mere boy, to Lady Frances Howard. There were exactly four dances in the masque, one of them an antimasque of Humours and Affections.

(63).—*Yorke house Masque*.—According to the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, for the period, a masque by young Maynard was given at York House in November, 1623, in celebration of Prince Charles's return from Spain.

The Mountebanks Dance at Grayes Inne.—(See Nos. 58 and 75.) This and the Maypole Dance in the next number were both features of *The Masque of Mountebanks*, an entertainment of uncertain authorship first published in 1805 in the second volume of Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth." Collier, in reprinting it from a manuscript in the Duke of Devonshire's collection in the Shakespeare Society book on *Inigo Jones* in 1848, attributed it, perhaps not incorrectly, to John Marston. It was originally a Gray's Inn masque of Christmas, 1617, but apparently was brought to court and performed there on February 16, 1618.

(65—66).—Doubtless all from Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, a Prince's masque, which, as first presented at Whitehall on

Twelfth Night, 1618, fell flat. Afterwards a long scene of rural Welsh life was dovetailed into it (published separately under title "For the Honour of Wales") and the whole performed on February 17, 1618. In the extended version a Dance of Goats was introduced (see *Cal. State Papers, Dom. Series, James I.*, 1618, p. 528).

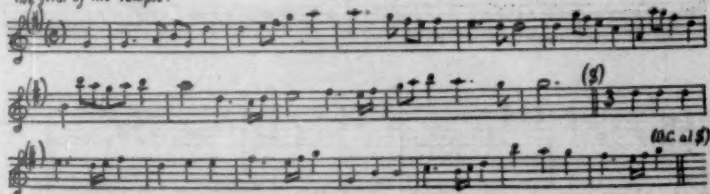
(68).—*Bateman's Masque*.—(See also No. 14.) Among the State musicians of the period of 1603—1625 occurs the name of Mark Bateman, a trumpeter, who might possibly have been a composer of dance-music.

Squires Masque.—Though the Brit. Mus. Catalogue has another interpretation, the reference is surely to *Campion's Masque of Squires* (1614). See No. 92, note on "The Sayers Masque."

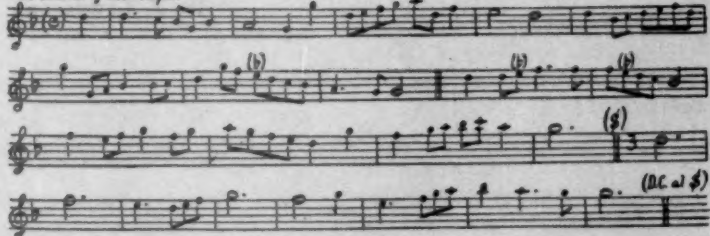
(75).—Irrespective of "Cuperaree or Graysin" (34), which belongs to *The Masque of Flowers*, there are, in all, six Gray's Inn items on this list. As there were precisely six dances in the *Masque of Mountebanks* (including the song and dance of Obscurity), they all belong, apparently, to that masque.

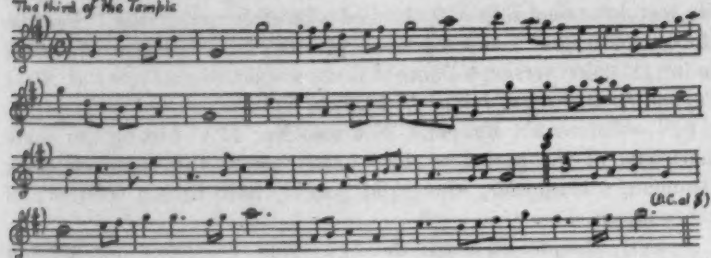
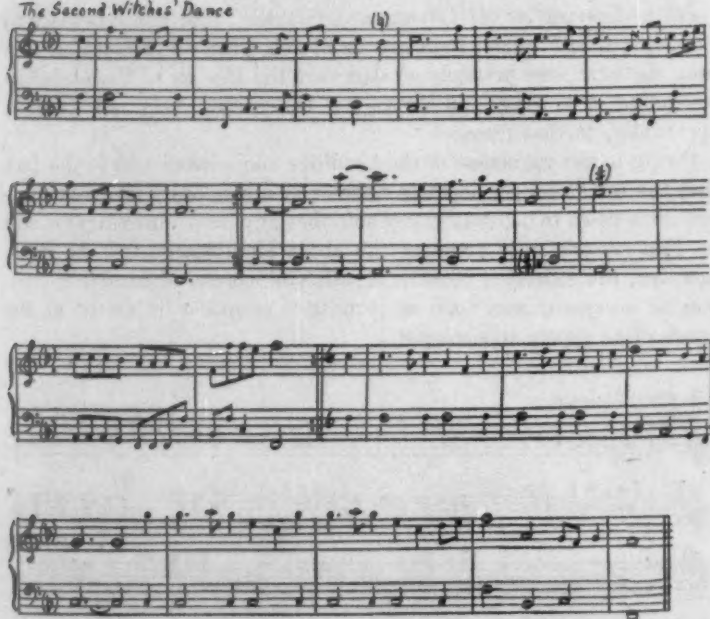
Owing to the vagueness of the headings undiscussed and to the fact that the texts of a considerable number of minor court masques have not come down to us, it is improbable that any future investigator will be able materially to augment the above identifications. As it is, however, the collection presents a satisfying corpus of datable instrumental masque music, such as permits of scientific treatment at the hands of an expert musicologist.

The first of the Temple.



The second of the Temple.



The Third of the Temple*The Second Witches' Dance*

W. J. LAWRENCE.

IRISH ANCESTRY OF GARLAND, DOWLAND, CAMPION AND PURCELL

THE question of nationality in music is somewhat complex, and it is not my intention to touch on it. My present article is an attempt to prove an Irish ancestry for four distinguished musicians, three of whom have been generally regarded as "English" or "British" and one doubtful, that is either French or English. Of course, I quite understand that the classification of the designation "British" by musical historians has for long resulted in the inclusion of a number of musicians who were either Irish born or of Irish parentage. And, no doubt, to many, the fact of Ireland having been more or less under the dominion of England for 740 years, and the title of "Lord of Ireland" having been assumed by King John, lent a colour to the classification of distinguished Irishmen (especially Anglo-Irish, or Irish living in the English Pale) as "British." Hence, in every department, great Irishmen like Berkeley, Ussher, Boyle, Wellington, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Barry, MacLise, Tyndall, Kelvin, Sullivan, Stanford, Roberts, Beatty—to name a few at random—have been labelled "British." Indeed, Mr. Cecil Forsyth in *A History of Music* (1916), alludes to John Field of Dublin as an "Englishman"!

After this short preamble, I shall give *seriatim* the proofs for the Irish ancestry of the four musicians, Garland, Dowland, Campion and Purcell.

I. John Garland, or de Garlandia, was at one time generally regarded as of French origin, having spent the greater part of his life in France, but in recent years he is classed as "English." Dr. Ernest Walker, in his *History of Music in England* (1907) writes as follows:—

"Jean de Garlande seems to have been an Englishman, born at Oxford about 1180 or 1190, who, when a comparatively young man, settled in France, and remained in that country for the rest of his life; if the identification of him with the author of *De Musica Mensurabili Positio* is correct, he was a versatile writer on many of the other liberal arts as well as music, and acquired great celebrity in Paris as poet and scholar." More recently, Professor Johannes Wolf, of Berlin, while praising the work of Garland, and noting the acquaintance of that versatile musician with Rounds and Catches as well as Motets, glosses

over his origin, but points out that "he was educated at Oxford and Paris."

As far back as 1901 my researches on early musical theorists convinced me that John Scotus Erigena, an Irishman, was the first to treat of Organum: this was about the year 860. I am happy to say that this view was backed up by Wolf,* Riemann, and other Continental scholars, and has been admitted by Dr. Ernest Walker, who adds that Scotus Erigena "forecasted the methods of free Organum some hundred and fifty years before anyone else." Pursuing this line I also claimed John Garland as Irish, and summarised my views in *A History of Irish Music* (1905). I also suspected the Irish origin of John Balloch. At this juncture, I got acquainted with two distinguished French musicologists, Dr. Jules Ecorcheville and Michel Brenet (Madlle. Marie Bobillier), both of whom rendered me great service in exploring the most ancient French musical MSS. As a result, both of these—whose death during the great war was a distinct loss to musicology—agreed that John Garland was "either Irish or Anglo-Irish, full of all the characteristics of the Irish temperament, and a brilliant successor of Scotus Erigena and Tutilo."

The family of Garland came to Uriel or County Louth towards the close of the 12th century, and gave their name to a townland called Garland, subsequently Garlandstoun, now changed to Castle Bellingham. John Garland the elder was settled here in 1185, and his son John Garland was born in 1190. As customary in the first half of the 18th century, many of the Irish and Anglo-Irish denizens sent their children to Oxford University, where, in 1230, a neighbour of the Garland family, William of Drogheda, acquired fame as a Canonist. Accordingly, in 1207, young Garland left his Irish home at Garland, and entered Oxford, whence, after five years, he proceeded to Paris to complete his studies. In 1218 we find him taking part in the crusade against the Albigenses at Toulouse, and he was Professor in Toulouse University from 1229 to 1232.

Garland's musical works have been examined by many writers, and Gastoué says that the Irish temperament is writ large in them. He outlined a scheme of dividing the intervals "which developed into ornamentation, passing notes, or grace notes" (Combarieu),† and he wrote the first Musical Dictionary‡ (1221). His life and works still demand critical investigation, and, although he may have lived as late as 1266, he seems to have disappeared in 1252 or 1253. Gastoué seems to think that there were two musicians of this name, but this

* *English Influence in the Evolution of Music*, London, 1912.

† *Music, its Laws and Evolution*, 1910.

‡ His "Vocabulary."

is merely from the supposition that 50 years of creative work could scarcely be assigned to one man, and, therefore, I hold that the Irishman John Garland was the grammarian, poet, historian and musician who probably died in 1266, aged 76. Perhaps I may add that Tutilo (Tuathal), the great Irish monk of St. Gall, the author of the Introit-Trope *Hodie cantandus est*—the starting point of liturgical drama—lived to the age of 86.

II. John Dowland was born of an old Irish family whose name appears in 15th century records as O'Dolan, and who settled in Dublin in the mid-16th century—at which date the name appears as Dolan, Doland, and Dowland. His immediate relations were the Forsters and the Balls, and, at the age of 15, after the death of his father, he went to London, where he was taken into the service of Sir Henry Cobham, who was a good amateur musician, as well as a patron of music. His father had a small estate at Dalkey, Co. Dublin, and his cousin, Robert Dowland, was a Barber Surgeon in Dublin. An absurd tradition, quoted by Fuller, would make Dowland to have been born at Westminster, but, even if there were no other evidence, Dowland himself plainly admits his Irish origin in the Dedication of the Song in his "Pilgrim's Solace" (1612) "to my loving countryman, Mr. John Forster the younger, merchant of Dublin, in Ireland." This John Forster the younger was son of Richard Forster and nephew of Sir John Forster, Mayor of Dublin (1589-90).

In November, 1579, Dowland accompanied Sir Henry Cobham, who was appointed English Ambassador to Paris, and became a Roman Catholic in 1582-3. While in Paris he was a friend of Morris and Morgan, Gentlemen of the English Chapel Royal, who had fled to Paris for conscience sake. Mr. Barclay Squire held that Dowland returned to England with Cobham, who landed at Sandwich Nov. 3, 1583, but from the *Calendar of State Papers* (Foreign Series, Vol. XVIII.) it is evident that he remained on in the service of Sir Edward Stafford, the successor of Cobham, for close on twelve months. For a further account of Dowland is given in Mr. Squire's article, in the new *Grove*, and the Preface to the *English School of Lutenist Song Writers*, by Dr. Fellowes (1920). An interesting additional item of biography not hitherto recorded is the fact that Dowland got an honorary degree from Trinity College, Dublin, where he spent nine weeks in 1604, during the Provostship of Henry Alvey, the Chancellor being Sir Robert Cecil (*Particular Book of Trinity College, Dublin*, London, 1904, by J. P. Mahaffy). In fact, the evidence for the Irish ancestry of John Dowland is overwhelming, and is gradually being accepted by writers of repute, including Rev. Dr. Fellowes. And it is significant that Thomas Campion furnished a Latin epigram to Dowland's *First Book of Songs*

or *Airs* (1597), and he included a Latin poem to J. Dowland in his *Latin Poems* (1595).

III. Thomas Campion's Irish ancestry was placed outside the pale of controversy by the discovery in the Middle Temple admissions that the poet-musician's grandfather belonged to the good old City of Dublin, as did also his father, both of them being of the same name, John Campion.

Mr. Percival Vivian, in his excellent edition of Campion's Poems (1914), gives us the information that "John Campion, son and heir of John Campion, late of Dublin, was admitted to the Middle Temple on July 26, 1565, specially by Mr. Bell, reader." Thus, the poet's father and grandfather were Irish, and the record shows that his grandfather had been dead before the year 1565. From Chester's London Marriage Licences it appears that John Campion, the poet's father, was married in the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in June, 1564, to Lucy Trigg, *née* Searle, a young widow, while from a footnote in the grant of administration of John Campion's estate, we learn that Thomas Campion* was born on February 12 (Ash Wednesday), 1566-7, and was christened in the Church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Moreover, from the same source, it appears that John Campion, "son and heir of John Campion, of Dublin, deceased," lived twelve years as the husband of Lucy Campion (the widow of Roger Trigg), and died in 1576, and that, on December 10, 1576, said Lucy Campion got a grant of administration of John Campion's estate. Less than twelve months after the death of John Campion, his widow took for her third husband Augustine Stewart, and died at the close of the year 1580, after which, in 1581, the widower married a widow, Anne Sisley, *née* Argall.

A writer in the *Athenæum* (October 22, 1920), in calling attention to my remarks on the Irish ancestry of Campion, "who is now enrolled among famous Irishmen," asks a query as to "solving the problem of Thomas Campion's early education." The problem has been solved by Mr. Vivian, who, acting on a suggestion by Mr. Flower of the British Museum, pieced together the details furnished in an account-book kept by Mr. Augustine Stewart, the stepfather of Thomas Campion, among the Egerton MSS. (1599). From this book it seems certain that both Thomas Campion and Thomas Sisley, the two stepsons of Augustine Stewart, were sent to Cambridge University, at the close of the year

* Although my friend, Dr. Fellowes, advocates the spelling Campian, I prefer Campion for many reasons. Campion himself wrote it so. Simpson, in his excellent *Life of Edmund Campion*, 1896 (p. 507), has a pertinent footnote:—"There is no more reason for following the spelling Campian than in the case of Dr. Allen, who was always called Alanus but not Alan. As Allen is English for Alanus, so Campion is English for Campianus."

1582, the accounts showing allowances to both of them from Christmas, 1582 to 1585.

From Cambridge Campion proceeded to Gray's Inn, but there is no record of his having proceeded to a degree, a circumstance which formed one of the reasons relied on by the late Canon Jessopp, of East Dereham (whose friendship in the years 1889-1894 I was privileged to enjoy), for the belief that Campion was a Catholic. Further evidence of Campion's adherence to the ancient faith could be adduced, but it is foreign to the present article. He entered Gray's Inn on April 27, 1586 (Harl. MS., 1912), and executed a Latin deed in the following year, but his bent lay in the direction of poetry and music. Five of his poems appeared anonymously in 1591, and a song of his, "Of Neptune's empire let us sing," was included in the Gray's Inn Mask, on March 3, 1595. His Latin epigrams were licensed on December 2, 1594, and were published in the following year, in which year was also issued the interesting work *Polymanteia*, by William Clerke, who refers to the rising poet-musician as "Sweet Master Campion" (1595). Two years later appeared Campion's Latin epigrams on his Irish countryman, John Dowland, but the two friends fell out in 1598, doubtless on account of Dowland having 'verted to the Protestant belief.

Edmond Gosse writes :—" I do not know why Campion's music went out of fashion so completely, even with those who still loved Dowland, and were ready to welcome Purcell." This brings me to the subject of Henry Purcell's Irish ancestry, Mr. Gosse having (quite unconsciously, I am sure) bracketed three Irish geniuses in his appreciation of " Sweet Master Campion," apropos of the Tercentenary (March 1, 1920) of " one of the most original and dulcet of Elizabethan lyrists, or rather lutenists."

IV. Henry Purcell is assuredly one of the greatest glories of English music. And yet his ancestry was a sealed book until a few years ago, when I ventured to surmise that the elder Henry Purcell was not only Irish, but of Irish birth. To the vast majority of readers the amount of information respecting Purcell's father is a blank until the year 1656, when, as my friend Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., writes, " we find his name among distinguished musicians such as Captain Cooke, Locke, and Lawes, as one of the performers in the *Siege of Rhodes* " (*Twelve Good Musicians*, 1920). The date of the younger Henry Purcell's birth is not forthcoming, but it may safely be put down as 1658, or early in 1659, inasmuch as on his Sonatas, published in June, 1688, his portrait appears, with the words : "*ætat suæ 24*," while on his monument in Westminster Abbey the inscription runs : " Anno

Aetatis Suae 37." Purcell's father died on August 11, 1664, whereupon his uncle Thomas adopted him, and thus young Henry was steeped in Irish musical traditions, as both his father and uncle were born in Ireland, as will be seen.

Previous writers have not adverted to the fact that Purcell adapted a goodly number of Irish airs. The Catch for the return of the Duke of York was a skilful reminiscence of "God Save the King."* His Quickstep of 1682 was an arrangement of the Irish air subsequently known as "Lilliburlero." In the British Museum there are three settings by Purcell of "The Surrender of Limerick," and a third: "Let us drink to the Blades intrenched on the Shannon." Nor must it be forgotten that he composed a splendid Ode for the Centenary of Dublin University, which was duly performed at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, on January 9, 1693-4.

Purcell's father and uncle, that is to say, Henry and Thomas Purcell, were not only of Irish origin, but of Irish birth.† From a careful study of the Irish State Papers, the Carte Papers, and the Dublin Funeral Entries, I have satisfactory proof that Henry Purcell the elder, and his brother Thomas, belonged to the Ballyross (County Tipperary) branch of the family of Purcells, Barons of Loughmoe, and were cousins of the Purcells of Croagh, County Limerick. Henry, the father of the composer, was son of Thomas Purcell, of Gortanny and Ballyross, who was the son of Thomas Fitz Piers Purcell. Both of these Purcell children were brought over to England by their aunt Elizabeth, Viscountess Thurles, who also brought over young James Butler, the future Duke of Ormonde. They were placed in the Chapel Royal, and when their voices broke, they trailed a pike in the great Civil War, on which account, when the Restoration was accomplished,

* For his view that the national anthem is from an Irish source Dr. Grattan Flood refers to his letter in the *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 11, 1917. —[Ed.]

† To this Dr. Flood adds in a letter to me:—"Purcell's case is, to my mind, as clear as any, although the genealogical tree is most complicated. One thing is certain, that no English genealogist (and my old friend, the late W. H. Cummings, told me so with evident sorrow) could count Henry Purcell the elder with any of the English Purcells, which point materially strengthens the Irish claim. Moreover, the late John Mahaffy told me that, when preparing for the Tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, he came across some letters that went to prove the composer's Irish paternity—letters that had been written by Purcell himself, sending the Centenary Ode, and expressing his pleasure at sending the Ode as being the son of an Irish father. Alas! on subsequent examination, these valuable letters could never be traced, nor could the MS. itself of the Ode be found. Fortunately I have a printed Copy of the Ode (music score) issued by Goodison of London." (Of Goodison's edition, 1693/4, Eitner mentions copies in the Brit. Mus., Roy. Coll. of Mus., and the Fitzwilliam.)—[Ed.]

both were given good posts in the Chapel Royal.* The elder, Henry, married in 1651, and his eldest son, Edward, was called after a deceased uncle. It may also be noted that Elizabeth, Countess of Ormonde, was married at Clonmel Parish Church, County Tipperary, to Sir Thomas Somerset, on August 15, 1616. The sister of the Marquis of Ormonde, namely, Elizabeth Butler, married James Purcell, the uncle of Henry Purcell the elder; and the Marquis was created Duke of Ormonde on March 30, 1661. Sad to relate, the only satisfaction granted to Ormonde's mother Elizabeth, Viscountess Thurles, by Cromwell, was the privilege of exemption from the decree of being transplanted to Connacht: she took for her second husband, George Mathews, and died in May, 1673.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

* Sir Frederick Bridge, to whom this article was sent, writes: "I do not think that Dr. Grattan Flood can give absolute proof that Purcell's father and uncle were taken over to London and placed in the Chapel Royal choir. If he could do this, it would be a great satisfaction to me, and it would account for the position which Purcell's father held in the musical world when we first hear of him. It certainly seems to me that the Purcells were Irish, and there must be some reason why the elder Purcell and his brother were so soon promoted; if the story about the Chapel Royal could be proved, it would account for everything.—[Ed.]

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL

A MUSICAL festival in the past has generally been more or less an expression of its district, yet it has been equally an extraneous matter superimposed upon the individuality of the district. Performers were imported from outside, and the appeal of the concerts was general, not local. The meeting was not democratic in character, and it usually was supported by some such secondary purpose as an aid to charity.

When a number of music-lovers in South Staffordshire determined during the winter of 1920-1921 to establish a local festival, they laid down the fundamental principle that it should be entirely local—that the festival should be an expression of the district, that only local musicians should make the music, and that the only charity to benefit should be music. The idea of a South Staffordshire Musical Festival had been raised several times in the preceding twenty-five years, and one eminent music-lover of Walsall, Mr. Alfred Moss, had never let the idea drop; once (and this was as long ago as the year 1900) it had been nearly realised; but not until Mr. Appleby Matthews became actively associated with Walsall music did the idea become practicable. Mr. Matthews has good organising capacity, ample driving force, and unlimited confidence and courage. He has large ambitions in the way of an intercommunalising of music in South Staffordshire: and by his help the dream of a quarter of a century became a reality. Mr. Moss is a poet, Mr. Matthews a practical worker in music; very fittingly Elgar's "The Music Makers" was one of the chief works in the festival programme.

Such a meeting as that held in Walsall from October 8th to October 15th, 1921, is not to be discussed in the ordinary way of musical criticism, but rather in a manner that shall show its character, purpose, and significance. Therefore in the present article I describe the district, and the musical possibilities of the district, rather than the Festival, being the more induced to follow this course from the circumstance that, after all, the 1921 meeting was little more than tentative and experimental. But at once I must say that it was, in every vital respect of the many respects peculiar to the Festival, a complete success. A musician could find much to say in disparagement of

the week's work. He could say there was no pure music in the performances, but only splendid technique; that the audiences had only the interest and enthusiasm of lovers of sport; that the programmes were badly put together; and that performers took part who were not good enough to sing in public, while others who were good enough had no opportunity, from this feature arguing that the Festival was not thoroughly representative of the district. But such disparagement would be beside the main point. It would miss the supreme significance that, for the first time in the history of music in England, a number of local choral societies and solo performers filled a week of music-making in a central place of their locality, and that—in a time of severe public depression—more than five thousand persons attended to listen to works which were uniformly of high standard or high aim.

The Festival was a first step towards the awakening of a corporate consciousness among South Staffordshire musicians. It was conditioned (whether consciously or not makes no difference) by the philosophy that when a locality has a definite character, any art development must lead first to an emphatic expression of that character. The development must run with the individuality, flatter and excite it, and give it what it wants; since otherwise the movement will arouse antagonism or indifference, and so fail. If pure art is feeble in such a first step as this, what takes its place is strong enough; and a thousand men and women very enthusiastically and generously applauding a good piece of technical display and physical staying power, means more for pure art in the long run than rows of empty seats before a perfect musicianly performance. You may take people from a Kipling ballad to a Shakespeare sonnet; but you may never get them to the latter if you deny them the former, or fail to grade correctly the intermediary steps.

South Staffordshire contains the Black Country, but it is not only Black Country. Its music varies from the energetic and ambitious work of the Choral Societies of Walsall and Wolverhampton, to little choirs that exist solely for the sport of winning prizes at competitions. In all the district there is only one large hall suitable for elaborate concerts, and that hall is the Walsall Town Hall. Concert-givers in Wolverhampton have to use either the public swimming baths (the water run off and the bath floored over), or the Drill Hall, a place so vast that a thousand persons serve but to make it seem empty. Each of the Black Country towns has its own hall, but these are planned solely for the requirements of the place. Musical enterprise in this compact and crowded part of England, has hitherto been much the same as in spacious country districts where villages lie miles apart; a town has worked for itself, it has been ignorant of what was being done two

or three miles away, and actually it has not been interested. Thus the music of the Black Country has been intensely parochial, and visits to Competition Festivals have not altered the condition of affairs. The ultimate object of the South Staffordshire Festival is to widen the "parish" so that it shall be at least as big as South Staffordshire itself, and to arrange for a concert to be carried from one town to another.

As I have said, the people in a South Staffordshire quarter take a generous sporting interest in the public music-making of their place. They admire the courage, pertinacity, and real hard grind which go to the making of a good choral society; but their admiration is the same as that they have for a good football team, a fine fighting dog, a brilliantly humorous entertainer, or a step dancer. South Staffordshire, unlike North Staffordshire, has not its Arnold Bennett; but if such a writer should arise here, he will show that master and man are essentially the same in this respect. The master's interests may be slightly different, but the manner of his regarding them is essentially the same. Both master and man exist by power of vigorous individuality. They have the same practical mind, the same inability to find pleasure in abstract things, the same disinclination for introspective thought or retrospective observation and analysis (apart from matters of business), and always the same preference to talk of "effect" instead of "cause." It is this local consistency that has made of South Staffordshire what is denoted by the phrase "Black Country," where everything is drawn patiently and slowly from the interior of the earth, or brought in slowly and steadily from abroad, and as patiently, slowly, and steadily shaped and fashioned into utility. Life and work are eminently practical; the ideal is not perceived in business; and the case is the same with regard to recreation and intellectual interests. Until the motor-car came, the master always lived within sound of his steam whistle. He is, even now, rarely more than one or two generations removed from the labourer. He is typically "confident, highly sensible, emphatically outspoken, determined yet genial, and (on the surface) easy-going and open-eyed." He uses very largely the gramophone and the player-piano, and will often spend several consecutive evenings making music by these instruments, sometimes for stretches of four or six hours, with ample cigars and whisky. His tastes in player music rarely go below Moszkowski, and often ascend to Brahms. He likes the brilliant and vigorous Bach, and is happy with Liszt and Tchaikowski. He prefers gramophone records of well-sustained songs to records of sentimental ballads, just as in the concert-room he is more stirred by Norman Allin and Robert Radford than by Clara Butt and Tetrazzini. He believes that he scorns the "poetry"

of music; yet is very attached to, and immensely proud of, "Connie" Mullings, whom he produced in Walsall.

South Staffordshire is not all Black Country, of course, and this type of individual is not the only one to be observed in the district of the Festival. Quiet old Lichfield is a true Cathedral town, and you can still feel in Tamworth the fact that the town was a great place in Anglo-Saxon times, the residence of Mercian kings, where died in 917 the great daughter of King Alfred. (It was in Tamworth that Mr. Matthews was born.) What open country remains in South Staffordshire is very lovely, in some respects even more lovely than Warwickshire. And this country runs right up to the edges of the Black Country, much as the country in old days ran up to the walls of a town. I myself live on the edge of Birmingham, with open country before me into Wales; but if I walk three miles to the north-west—three miles of old lanes and farms, with cottages as they were three hundred years ago—I step suddenly into chemical and iron-making Oldbury, where Sir Frederick Bridge was born, and where during the war were made the tanks and much of the T.N.T. high explosive. But when once in the Black Country, I find no more country-side, and can walk for several days through what seems but a continuous town of factories, mines, and forges. South Staffordshire is either persistently natural country and quiet towns, or persistently the reverse; its intercommunal music will, I believe, be characterised in the future by the same persistency and completeness. I believe, indeed, that if conditions here were slightly less crowded, noisy, and dirty, and if ambitions were a little less determinedly practical, this great district—so magnificent in vitality, and so vivid in individuality—would develop in music as did Thuringia two centuries ago. Its art would, naturally, be very different, as it would be different from the art of present-day centres like Manchester and Glasgow; but it would be true art, because true to the individuality of its place.

Not a few fine musicians have been born in each portion of South Staffordshire, and not a few poets and prose writers. Sir Henry Newbolt belongs to Walsall, where also Mr. Jerome K. Jerome was born. In 1920 Mr. Alfred Moss published an anthology of Walsall poetry—a book of two hundred pages filled with verse drawn from writers of the past hundred and fifty years. This book gives as true an idea of South Staffordshire as do its Cathedral spires and innumerable chimney-stacks. The last of the poets are young men who died in the war, the youngest being Harold Parry, born at Bloxwich in 1896, killed at Ypres in 1917. This boy represents the new soul of the district—the soul which is struggling to light and expression by way of the Festival. His verse never escapes obviousness in its cadences of thought—he died

at twenty-one; but also it never quite escapes the magic which is poetry. The following is better than the verse of, for example, William Sharp:—

The sunset brims on Beacon Edge,
The leaves are touched with fire;
Somewhere beyond that golden rim
Lies hid our Love's desire.

And yonder, past those lithe-limbed pines,
Is waiting perfect rest;
So come, my Love, come fleetly too,
The sun falls in the west.

But when we reached the Beacon Edge
The light had died away,
And there beneath, on level lands,
The quiet darkness lay.

And in the following extract is something of a true vision—

I saw a rose, one blazing flame,
With golden sunset for a frame,
And by its side a bud, snow-white,
Shone sadly in the rich warm light.

And in this—

When sun meets rain across the arched sky,
The rainbow stands between—more beautiful
Than either sun or rain—a wonder-bridge
Of falling tears, a weeping sadness born
Of light and cloud

Several of these Walsall poets were mechanics. George Evans (1808-1881), for example, was a chain-maker, who started work at the age of seven. Some of his pieces grow out of his trade, others are reminiscent of days spent in the country or of his earliest home-life. This is a lovely stanza:—

A dewy, dreamy stillness
Pervades each earth-born thing,
With now and then an echo
From girls down at the spring.

Others of the poets, Mr. Moss among them, are men of culture; these write several times of music and of individual musical compositions. The first of the line of Walsall poets is Mrs. Darwell, wife of that eighteenth century Vicar of Walsall who wrote the happy tune (*Darwell*) to which we sing the hymn "Ye holy Angels bright, who wait at God's right hand," and (less frequently) the hymn "God is gone up on high." From before the time when South Staffordshire became the Black Country, up to now, there has been an indubitable soul active in the district; and though it has hardened recently, it is still a soul, and will one day find its full expression in music. Of late the local newspapers have adopted literary columns that are as interesting as the same columns in many London newspapers, and for some years they have treated music very generously; this Festival, for example, was written about each week for several months, one paper (the *Walsall Observer*) publishing about twelve special analytical and descriptive articles, and thereby, as I should imagine, establishing a record. The critical account of the performances of the Festival week occupied in this same paper some five columns. Editors give only what their district desires, and so these facts prove that South Staffordshire is mentally awake and genuinely interested in music.

The outline of the Festival was as follows:—

Monday, October 10.—Concert by the Wolverhampton Musical Society (Mr. Joseph Lewis): Choral Fantasia, by Clifford Roberts, "Mirabilia" (Psalm 119), *first performance*. Choral Symphony, by Granville Bantock, "Vanity of Vanities" (the third performance of this work in full by the Society). Elgar's "Gó, Song of Mine." Songs were sung by Mr. Frank Mullings and Miss May Huxley, and Mr. Claude de Ville played works by Chopin.

Tuesday.—Concert by the Walsall Philharmonic Society (Mr. Appleby Matthews) and the City of Birmingham Orchestra:—The "Unfinished" symphony and "Gerontius."

Wednesday.—Concert by (a) the Cannock Choral Society (Mr. Joseph Yates); (b) the Walsall Madrigal Society (Mr. Yates); and (c) the Arthur Hytch String Quartet:—Balfour Gardiner's "News from Whydah," Elgar's "Death on the Hills," the Bach Cantata "God's Time is the Best," and Elizabethan madrigals. Miss Kathleen Millar and Mr. Arthur Jordan sang solo songs, the latter the "On Wenlock Edge" cycle of Vaughan Williams.

Thursday.—Concert by the Wolverhampton New Choral Society (Dr. Ernest Darby) and the Birmingham Orchestra:—Gustav Holst's "Hymn of Jesus" (the second performance by the Society) and

Elgar's "Music Makers." The Orchestra played the "Coriolanus" and "Figaro" overtures, and the Romance "Early Spring," of William J. Fenney. The solo singers were Mr. Charles Till, Miss Mary Foster, and Miss Margaret Harrison.

Friday.—Concert by the Walsall Philharmonic Society and the Birmingham Orchestra :—Dr. William H. Harris's "The Hound of Heaven" (*first production*); Julius Harrison's "Requiem of Archangels for the World" (*first production*); and Part I of "Hiawatha." The solo singers were Mr. Mullings and Madame Florence Parkes Darby (the duet from "Lohengrin"), Mr. Ernest Ingram, and Mr. W. H. Roberts.

Each Saturday of the Festival octave was filled with competitions. There was on the Sunday a special service in Lichfield Cathedral, with two thousand people in the Cathedral, and another two thousand outside. The Wednesday concert was not a public success, and at this concert there was no orchestra, the accompaniments being played on organ and piano—a curious illustration of the sudden economy which is liable at any moment to descend upon South Staffordshire.

In the main, the Festival of 1921 was representative only of Walsall and Wolverhampton. Its scope should be widened, so that it may become representative of the entire district; the competitions showed that there are many fine choirs and smaller choral societies in the adjacent towns. At the concert given on Saturday, October 15, by the winning competitors, pianoforte and violin music was played by Mr. Arthur Cooke and Mr. W. Reed, two musicians of such eminence and ability that they should have been placed in the very centre of the week. No attempt was made by the Committee to provide adequately instructive programme notes; this defect should be removed in the future, and some further general attempt made to give the inhabitants of South Staffordshire an understanding of the true qualities of music and the real nature of musical appreciation.

A fortnight before the date of the Festival, an effort was made in Walsall to bring about its relinquishment, but the effort was destroyed by Mr. A. Morgan, Mr. Matthews, and two or three others: commanding officers are not all equally confident.

SYDNEY GREW.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG—A CRITICAL STUDY

It seems to be inevitable that the appearance of a powerful and arresting personality should invariably evoke the wholly uncritical enthusiasm of a small but energetic body of disciples and devoted camp-followers, and on the other hand the instinctive, unreasoning hostility of the large majority of professional musicians and critics. Both manifestations possess a certain value in so far as they call attention to and awaken interest in the object of their respective admiration and dislike, and, generally speaking, serve to combat the habitual indifference and lethargy of the larger section of the public, but they can hardly claim to be regarded as serious criticism. Their position is rather that of advocates or counsels for the defence and prosecution than of impartial judges, their function to present the case for and against, rather than to pass sentence.

Arnold Schönberg has had the fortune or misfortune to have been the occasion of more indiscriminate adulation and impassioned eulogy on the one hand, of more violent abuse and bitter invective on the other, than any composer since Wagner. Like him, Schönberg seems to possess to a marked degree the propensity of making both friends and enemies in large number and of leaving no one wholly indifferent. Yet it is a curious fact that although the storm of controversy which he has aroused has in a large measure subsided, even to the point of a general recognition on the part of thinking musicians of his undoubted significance and importance, a tacit admission to the effect that, whether one likes or dislikes his music, he remains one of the most vital forces and dominant personalities in contemporary art—in spite of all this no serious attempt seems hitherto to have been made to determine the precise nature or to assess the ultimate value of his achievement. Judgment has been indefinitely reserved, *sine die*.

Though no apology, then, seems necessary for this modest and tentative effort to break the spell of non-committal silence and discreet reserve with which his work is invariably greeted, and to arrive at some definite conclusion concerning its merits or demerits, it is perhaps as well to state at the outset that we have not the rare privilege of being personally acquainted with Herr Schönberg, more in excuse for the inevitable limitations which this implies than in support of any claim to impartiality it might induce us to make.

For if Schönberg's inexhaustible and almost demoniac energy, contagious enthusiasm and magnetic personality generally, seem to have reduced everyone without exception who has come into contact with him to a state of beatific coma and hypnotic trance—a state of mind which, however agreeable in itself, is hardly conducive to the exercise of critical and discriminating faculties—it is equally undeniable that it is impossible to do him complete justice without reference to his didactic, literary, theoretical, pictorial, propagandist and other activities which all, to a greater extent than is the case with any other living composer, play an important part in the great influence which he exerts on contemporary art. With all these aspects of it we are not qualified to deal; they can only be adequately treated by one who has been in close personal contact with him.

For instruction on these points, and for authoritative biographical and other information, the reader is referred to the excellent little monograph recently published by Dr. Egon Wellesz, one of Schönberg's most distinguished pupils and associates, to the little book *Neue Musik und Wien* by Paul Stefan, and to the pre-war collection of essays by von Webern, Alban Berg and others. The present study only purports to deal with Schönberg the composer as revealed in his published works.

II.

The most fertile source of the bewilderment and perplexity which Schönberg frequently arouses is the seeming divergency of style which characterises the successive stages of his artistic development. As one critic has recently observed, "In 1908, with dramatic suddenness, he produced three piano pieces, showing that not only had he broken with the past, but that he had burned his boats behind him. Between the works that had appeared before that date and those that came after, there was, to all appearance, no continuity of development."

This is a misconception, although it must be admitted that there is a certain excuse and justification for it in the eccentric system Schönberg has adopted of giving opus numbers to his works, not in accordance with their chronological sequence, but with regard to some idea which he seems to entertain concerning their relative maturity. For not only are all the qualities and defects which can be discerned in his later works already implicit in the early ones, but the stylistic change is on the whole much more logical, continuous and even

gradual than one might at first be led to suppose. The later works are no more difficult to understand than the early works—easier rather, for though the idiom becomes increasingly unfamiliar and more wholly personal with each successive work, it is at the same time more in accordance with the ideas and conceptions which the composer is attempting to express.

In this respect Schönberg is a singularly consistent personality. In the case of many artists, particularly modern ones, the quality of their thought and even their entire artistic direction undergo complete changes at different stages of their development, frequently for no ostensible reason, less in obedience to an imperious inner necessity than to pure caprice and irresponsibility or to mere lack of conviction. Picasso is a good example of this. Schönberg, on the contrary, has always had a strong sense of direction and very definite convictions. His artistic progress reveals a gradual, steady, unwearying and relentless march towards a fixed and unalterable point, however distant or at first dimly perceptible. Others, again, may realise even their most personal conceptions immediately and without apparent effort. Not so Schönberg. He belongs to that artistic race that begin unpromisingly and only by dint of the most prodigious effort and indomitable tenacity attain to the goal they have set themselves.

Not even between *Die Feen* and *Götterdämmerung* is there such a gulf fixed as between the songs of Schönberg's Op. 1 and those of Op. 22, yet the latter, as in the case of Wagner, are only the complete realisation and consummation of qualities which are already latent and imperfectly adumbrated in the former.

Yet it must be admitted that these early works are singularly unattractive and devoid of interest, despite the wholly negative and obviously insincere admiration which they have occasioned of the see-what-he-can-do-when-he-likes order which is always so profusely lavished upon the immature productions of a master by those who most detest and abominate his later work, simply because they sound more like the music to which they are accustomed. Between the songs which constitute Op. 1, 2, and 3, it is unnecessary to distinguish except to note that in Op. 2, No. 1, the cloven hoof peeps out for a moment from under the heavy folds of the Wagner-Brahms dressing-gown and is as quickly withdrawn again. The whole song is constructed on the somewhat obvious and crude principle already exploited by Wagner, in *Tristan* particularly, which might be defined as the principle of semitonal inflection [see musical example]. Although it is more daring than anything else which succeeds it for some time, the song is highly conventional and almost commonplace

at the same time—a not infrequent combination in Schönberg's experimental works, one may observe.

ERWARTUNG
(Richard Dehmel)

Schönberg
Op. 2 No. 1.

Schönberg's *Erwartung* (Op. 2, No. 1) is a song for voice and piano. The lyrics are by Richard Dehmel. The music is in G major, 3/4 time, and consists of a single system of staves. The voice part is written in a soprano clef, and the piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Schönungsm Aus dem meer-grün-en Tiel-chen ne-hen der". The music is characterized by its complex, atonal structure, with frequent chromaticism and a lack of traditional harmonic progression. The piano part features a prominent, repetitive rhythmic pattern in the left hand, while the right hand plays a more melodic line. The overall effect is one of intense, unrelenting tension.

The other songs of these groups are no doubt thoroughly competent technically in so far as one can judge technique as a thing apart, but otherwise it is difficult to find anything even relatively good to say about them. The voice parts are built on the worst kind of German *Lied* cantilena or, rather, cantilever principle; the left hand of the piano part almost invariably stamps up and down the keyboard in octaves with abominable insistence, the right hand never by any chance playing less than three or four notes at a time, the resultant effect being of a dreary turgidity and cumbrousness unexcelled even in the arid deserts of modern German song.

Certainly no one could possibly have guessed that a revolutionary was here in the making. Musical history, however, teaches us that revolutionaries almost always begin timidly and awkwardly; that when they do not, like Berlioz or Schumann, they generally end up as supporters of tradition.

The string sextet *Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4, comparatively familiar to English concert audiences, is essentially music of its period and environment, an attempt to transplant into the narrower limits and more intimate atmosphere of chamber music the ideals and methods reflected in the symphonic music of the post-Wagnerian age. Although it undoubtedly compels a certain measure of respect and admiration for its musicianly qualities, its sureness of design, solidity of structure and consistency of style, it fails entirely to arouse one's sympathy or affection, and leaves one entirely cold and unmoved.

The age is also reflected—though this time in a manner more flattering to it—and magnified to many times its actual stature and

importance in the grandiose *Gurrelieder*, based on poems of Jacobsen. It is beyond question one of the few great landmarks in recent German music, i.e., since Wagner. Certain sections of the work, particularly Tove's love song, "Nun sag' ich dir zum ersten Mal," and Waldemar's "Du wunderliche Tove," are of a most exquisite tenderness and haunting beauty. In the lovely melody which we here quote from the former can already be observed the wide intervals and the broad sweep of the melodic line which eventually form such a prominent feature of Schönberg's mature style.

Ex. 2. Tove *Gurrelieder*

Nun sag ich dir zum ersten Mal, Nun - - -

Ex. 3.

Nun, mer ich lie - - - dich, Nun, küss ich

In fact, the finest things in the work are at the same time the most characteristic; its virtues are Schönberg's, its defects are those of the period in which it was written, such as the quite megalomaniac dimensions of the orchestral and choral apparatus which it employs. It is written for five soloists, three four-part male choruses and one eight-part mixed chorus, four flutes, four piccolos, three oboes and two cor anglais (alternatively five oboes), three clarinets in A or B, two E♭ clarinets and two bass-clarinets (alternatively seven clarinets), three bassoons, two double bassoons, ten horns, six trumpets, one bass

trumpet, one alto trombone, four tenor trombones, one bass trombone, one double-bass trombone, one bass tuba, six kettledrums, tenor drum, side drum, big drum, cymbals, triangle, tamtam, glockenspiel, xylophone, rattle, some large iron chains (!), four harps, celesta, and at least twenty first and twenty second violins, sixteen violas, sixteen cellos and twelve basses.

Such excessive and exorbitant requirements, however, are not necessarily a fault in themselves. A composer has a perfect right to demand any conceivable number or combination of instruments provided always that he considers them necessary to the full realisation of his ideas. A very much more serious criticism applies to the undue complexity of the musical tissue. This again, it may be objected, is entirely relative to the end in view, but in the case of the *Gurrelieder* much of it is mere paper complexity appealing more to the eye than the ear, and imperceptible in performance. While even this can be defended if it grows naturally and logically out of an inner logic or organic necessity, as in the work of Bach, it cannot in the present instance, in which the complexity is not spontaneous or organic, but consists primarily in the elaboration of a comparatively simple structure, in the superposition of extraneous and purely decorative elements upon a groundwork which does not call for it.

But in spite of these and kindred faults the *Gurrelieder* constitute a quite monumental and impressive work. Although the scoring of the last part was not completed until 1910 or 1911, the actual music, with the exception of a few passages at the end, was entirely written in 1900-1, when the composer was only 26 years of age. Musical history can show many examples of precocious development, but very few to compare with such supreme and incontestable mastery in the largest forms at such an early age.

The symphonic poem for large orchestra *Pelleas und Melisande*, Op. 5, written about the same time as the opera of Debussy, with which it affords a striking contrast, is also a work of immense power and vitality, although one sincerely wishes that one could like it better than one does. In sheer polyphonic complexity it rivals and even eclipses the most intricately woven pages of *Die Meistersinger* or *Parsifal*; but not all one's astonishment at and admiration of the achievement can dispel the uneasy but certain conviction of its inherent sterility, its immense and utter purposelessness—a feeling akin to that aroused by the contrapuntal excesses of Okeghem and others of the Netherland school. In spite of many passages of great beauty and distinction, it remains essentially an intellectual *tour de force*. It reminds one strongly of a vast untrodden equatorial forest from which all daylight is excluded by the thick impenetrable masses of

tropical vegetation, its many treasures hopelessly buried and hidden from sight by the vast entanglement of giant creepers and luxuriant undergrowth.

It is more than probable that Schönberg felt this himself and must have realised that even if it were possible to go any further in this direction, it was not the way which led towards the complete emancipation and expression of his personality.

However this may be, the succeeding works—the eight songs with piano accompaniment, Op. 6, and the six orchestral songs of Op. 8—bear witness to some such momentary hesitancy and vacillation. They are essentially transition works, oscillating tentatively and uncertainly between the old and the new. They are written with key signatures, but are always in conflict with the principles of tonality; bold and novel harmonic progressions alternate with conventional Wagnerian chromaticism, while strange and tortuous melodic lines betray an increasing dissatisfaction with conventional moulds, and a determined search after increased plasticity and expressiveness. Every constituent element of musical style is in a state of flux and disintegration, of anarchy and upheaval, offering a strange contrast to the serene and accomplished mastery of the preceding works. There is also considerable uncertainty of direction. Side by side with a daring experiment like Op. 6, No. 1, *Traumleben*, with its characteristic late Schönbergian voice part, we find a comparatively conventional song like "Alles," recalling the manner of the early ones already mentioned. Yet, however unsatisfactory these songs may be in themselves, they mark a turning-point, a landmark of great significance in the unfolding of Schönberg's genius.

Conscious of the desirability and expediency of imposing upon himself some limitations or restrictions which, like a mould, would impart some measure of logic and consistency to the fluidity and indeterminacy of his thought, Schönberg turns instinctively to the old classical forms. As Dante was succoured by Virgil when he found himself astray in the dark wood, "*dove la diritta via era smarrita*," so Schönberg is led out of the *impasse* in which he had found himself by the classic tradition, and ultimately attains to liberation through the exercise of the strictest formal discipline—an instructive parable to all our would-be innovators and callow revolutionaries.

It is certainly a curious and entertaining spectacle and one which is new to musical history to observe how Schönberg applies the resources of formal design, conventional structure and development to the purposes of revolution; how he exploits order and symmetry with a view to their ultimate destruction, and turns the heavy artillery of canons and double-barrelled counterpoints upon the fortresses and

strongholds of tradition. As Shakespeare has it, "'tis sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard."

The first string quartet Op. 7 in D minor, Dr. Wellecz proudly informs us, lasts 45 minutes, and from beginning to end there is not a middle part or even a figure of accompaniment that is not of thematic derivation—a slight, if pardonable, exaggeration this, but it is at least sufficient to show that Schönberg is already *plus royaliste que le roi*. Excess of zeal in monastic discipline was always discouraged by the abbots and fathers superior in the Middle Ages, and regarded by them with grave suspicion, as being symptomatic of spiritual pride or some equally horrid disorder; and when we find an arch-revolutionary serving as gentleman-in-waiting at the court of classical tradition it is just as well for the custodians of artistic law and order to keep a watchful eye on his movements.

It is a carefully planned and well-proportioned work, besides being a fine example of the best style of string quartet writing, the instruments being treated with great resource and understanding. The part-writing and handling of themes are equally masterful, but the general impression created by the work is curiously disconcerting and unsatisfactory. A comparatively daring or unconventional passage will come to an end with an ordinary dominant tonic cadence, giving one much the same disagreeable sensation that one experiences in falling out of bed on to the floor in the middle of the night; or a simple diatonic phrase will gradually wander off with an odd kind of inconsequence as one's thoughts are apt to do in those pleasant moments of semi-consciousness when one is neither awake nor asleep. This constant juxtaposition of incongruous elements is more acutely disturbing than the wildest cacophony imaginable. The *Kammersymphonie*, Op. 9, is less disconcerting in this respect and represents a substantial progress towards homogeneity and cohesion of style. On the other hand, it is formally less satisfying than the quartet. There are plenty of clearly defined themes in it, but their interaction is neither of the symphonic nor contrapuntal order; that is to say, they are never satisfactorily worked out nor skilfully combined as in the previous work, and their recurrence seems to be dictated less by formal necessity than by the desire to maintain a certain superficial semblance of pattern or symmetry. It is, in fact, a somewhat amorphous and loosely constructed string of episodes held together by certain constantly recurring themes, not built out of them; they are not the bricks, but the mortar.

While there is much in it that is crude, shapeless and experimental, it also contains many passages of great power and beauty, and the

astonishing command of polyphony revealed in every bar brooks no denial.

Incidentally, it may be pointed out that the characteristically modern predilection for the chamber orchestra of solo instruments takes its origin in the *Kammersymphonie*. In this, as in so many other things, Schönberg is the pioneer.

Passing over the two ballads, Op. 12 and the *a capella* chorus *Friede auf Erden*, neither of which call for special comment, we come to the second string quartet in F minor, Op. 10, at once the highest point to which Schönberg attains during this period of self-imposed discipline and probation, and, in the last movement, his final farewell to it, and his triumphant liberation from all restrictions, thus inaugurating a new phase of development not only of his own talents but of musical art in general.

This work consists of a superbly wrought first movement full of masterly thematic interplay and development, a strange and almost sinister scherzo in the middle of which are introduced against wholly irrelevant harmonies the all-too-familiar strains of "O, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin," the third and fourth movements being settings of two poems of Stefan Georg, "Litanei" and "Entrückung" respectively, for soprano and quartet—the one a slow movement filled with a glowing ardour and intensity, while in the other, the last movement, Schönberg, as we have already said, throws off the last vestige and semblance of compromise with tonality and at last attains to complete self-realisation. In the first words of the poem here set to music there is, one feels, a certain symbolical significance which is not merely accidental—"Ich fühle Luft von anderen Planeten," for never before surely had a new world of possibilities been so unmistakably revealed as in this extraordinary movement. In discarding tonality Schönberg seems to leave the ground for the first time and to soar away into the air like a captive bird when it is liberated. With this work he makes an end and a beginning. The works which immediately succeed it represent him at the summit of his powers and in complete maturity.

III.

The first of these is *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten*, Op. 15, consisting of settings for voice with piano accompaniment of fifteen poems of Stefan Georg. Schönberg has himself written of this work, "Mit den Liedern nach Georg ist es mir zum erstenmal gelungen, einem Ausdrucks- und Form-ideal näherzukommen, das mir seit

Jahren vorschwebt," and it is certainly one of his most wholly convincing and satisfactory achievements. For the first time since the early works (always excepting the last movement of the second quartet) one is not conscious of any discrepancy or antagonism between his conceptions and the medium in which they are realised. One does not feel that the old forms and methods are being racked and distorted in the endeavour to make them express things that they are fundamentally incapable of expressing, nor, as in the very last works, that the ideas themselves are being subordinated to a growing obsession with purely stylistic considerations.

Perhaps the most admirable qualities of these songs are directness, simplicity and restraint—three elements which are most conspicuously lacking in nearly all Schönberg's music. If the vocal part seems at times to be needlessly angular, it is a defect which is to some extent mitigated by the measure of support afforded by the piano part, which is not, as in the later vocal works, so constructed as to avoid sounding any note which might bear any conceivable relation to that which the voice is singing, or rather supposed to be singing, for in many instances this principle is carried beyond the uttermost bounds of human possibility.

The three piano pieces, Op. 11, have attained a greater degree of notoriety than almost any other of Schönberg's works for reasons which it is exceedingly difficult to discover, for they are far more readily comprehensible and accessible than most. The first two are perfectly straightforward in thought and almost classical in form and style. The third is more difficult to grasp at first, owing to the sudden violent alternations of mood and to the greater complexity of its harmonic structure.

In general one may say that Schönberg is at his best with limited means at his disposal, when his exuberant imagination and fertility of resource and invention are to some extent held in check. When he is working on a large canvas of unrestricted possibilities his powers seem to waste themselves on the air, to become dispersed and disorganised, while his weaknesses become correspondingly more apparent, more highly accentuated. Consequently the Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16, are less convincing than the immediately preceding works, being to a great extent experimental, and, it must be said, not always successfully so. Nevertheless they are immensely stimulating and suggestive of much more than they actually achieve. Indeed it is practically certain that orchestral style in the immediate future will increasingly tend to break away from the Wagner-Strauss tradition consisting in the treatment of large neutralised masses of tone colour, and to approximate more and more closely to the ideal set forth in these

pieces, namely, the exploitation of the subtler varieties of tone-colour afforded by combinations of solo instruments.*

It is somewhat difficult to determine the precise chronological sequence of the succeeding works. Whether *Pierrot Lunaire* was written at this time, or only after the music dramas *Erwartung* and *Die Glückliche Hand*, as the opus number (21) would suggest, does not matter very much; stylistic considerations justify one in regarding it as belonging to the period under consideration.

This work represents the zenith of Schönberg's powers, the fullest and most perfect expression of his personality. It consists of twenty-one poems (divided into three parts of seven each) by Albert Giraud and translated into German by Eric Hartleben, set for voice and different combinations of the following instruments—piano, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola and violoncello. In a foreword the composer explains that the voice part is to be what he calls a "Sprechstimme," neither song nor speech, but something in between; an effect which is very much easier to conceive than to realise. One quite understands the kind of effect intended, but the technical difficulties in the way of its attainment are almost insuperable. To maintain an absolute balance between the singing and speaking voice throughout a long and difficult work such as *Pierrot Lunaire*, without falling over into either, is a tight-rope feat of which few, if any, singers are capable.

Apart from this purely practical and technical consideration it is impossible to make any adverse criticism of this superb work. It is said that on the several occasions when it has been performed it has been received by even Schönberg's bitterest and most implacable adversaries with a certain shamefaced respect and reluctant admiration. And we can very well believe it. It is one of these few works which possess such power and originality that no one in his musical senses, one imagines, could fail to be impressed by it—by its formal perfection, its almost diabolical ingenuity and instrumental resource, its astounding wealth of purely musical invention. It is impossible to discriminate between each setting, for there is not a weak number among them from beginning to end. They give the impression of having been thrown off one after another with lightning rapidity and absolute sureness of touch in a continuous, unflagging jet of white-hot inspiration.

Out of the unpromising material afforded by these highly artificial, precious, and decadent little poems, Schönberg has created a whole world of strange fascination and enchantment, of nameless horrors and terrible imaginings, of perverse and poisonous beauty and bitter-sweet fragrance, of a searing and withering mockery and

malicious, elfish humour, which the poet most assuredly never even contemplated. All the *diablerie* of the Romantics pales beside its demoniac intensity, and the much-vaunted irony and cynicism of Stravinsky appear childish and insipid in comparison to the sardonic and inhuman laughter of Schönberg's sinister and menacing evocation. In all art and literature one can only think of Hoffmann who has anything to compare to it. Even the creations of Poe seem colourless, mechanical, and soulless when placed by the side of *Pierrot Lunaire*.

If Schönberg had written nothing else, this work alone would be sufficient to discern him a place apart in musical history.

It would be as well briefly to recapitulate the various successive stages which lead up to this consummation, otherwise it may be difficult to understand the subsequent phase of his development.

First of all, in the early works we find him investigating and exhausting the limited possibilities of the chromatic inflection of conventional harmonic and melodic formulæ. Then we have him pushing to the uttermost limits the Wagnerian principles of polyphonic texture, as exemplified in *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*. Thirdly, after a moment of indecision, he reverts to classical models and builds up his works by means of close and logical thematic development and metamorphosis, and by contrapuntal devices of melodic combinations, augmentation, inversion, diminution, *stretto* and so forth.

In all these phases the principles of tonality are observed, though seldom with respect and with increasing impatience and intolerance, until, in the final stage which we have been witnessing, he dispenses with it altogether and with all definite formal restrictions, retaining only the one fundamental principle or factor underlying all musical forms whatsoever, namely, thematic recurrence. Nevertheless there is no deliberate avoidance of traditional methods. He does not scruple to make use of them if and when they serve his purpose. In *Pierrot Lunaire*, for instance, old contrapuntal devices are employed with astonishing virtuosity and dramatic fitness. No. 8 ("Nacht") is a Passacaglia; in the 17th ("Parodie") can be found a canon in inversion accompanied by an imitation; in the 18th ("Der Mondfleck") a double canon of remarkable ingenuity; yet they are not employed for their own sake, but always with a definite imaginative and poetic purpose.

Finally, in the stage which we are about to examine Schönberg seeks to dispense with every semblance of thematic material even, and to create a consistent and logical musical structure by means of a mosaic-like method of construction, an infinite accumulation of small and insignificant inorganic details amounting to a kind of musical *pointillisme*.

In the music dramas *Erwartung* and *Die Glückliche Hand*, Op. 17 and 18 respectively, Schönberg has at last succeeded in throwing overboard every vestige and remnant of every element which has hitherto been considered an essential constituent of musical structure and design. Unfortunately in so liberating himself from tradition he becomes a slave to his own mannerisms, the prisoner of his own originality, a very much more despotic tyrant and taskmaster than even the strictest traditionalism could ever be.

In these later works can be traced a constantly growing obsession with means as ends in themselves, not as ends to expression. He is as deliberate and pedantic in his avoidance of a concord as any academy professor in his avoidance of a discord. He would no more dream of writing in octaves than the latter would in consecutive 5ths; only consecutive 7ths and 9ths are permitted. Mere 3rds and 6ths should never be used at all; or at any rate not without careful preparation and resolution; voice parts should as far as possible, and even at the risk of monotony, move in leaps of an augmented 4th or some interval larger than an octave, and so on *ad infinitum*—a display of pedantry and perversity combined without parallel in musical history.

The systematic abuse of tone-colour, too, which already assumes disquieting proportions in the Five Orchestral Pieces, is here exploited to the utmost limits of insanity. There is hardly a page of these vast scores without a "flatterzunge" for the wind or a "col legno sul ponticello" for strings; mutes for all and sundry are applied and removed every few bars. The kettledrums are generally played with a wooden drumstick, while the cymbals are occasionally directed to be struck with a double-bass bow. The chorus in *Die Glückliche Hand* must not sing or speak their parts, but must employ his patent "Sprechstimme," which combines the advantages of both these antiquated and obsolete methods, details post free on application.

That such methods defeat themselves and ultimately engender a quite distressing monotony of effect is a truth too self-evident to stand in need of any demonstration, and it is impossible to contemplate these works without a feeling of profound dismay and regret that such genius and talents as Schönberg's should be recklessly and senselessly squandered on such vast and monstrous delusions as these. *Die Glückliche Hand*, in particular, would almost seem to have been created in order to illustrate Rabelais' phrase, *Chimera bombinans in vacuo*.

The six short pieces for piano are only aphorisms, notebook jottings for possible future works, and consequently call for no detailed examination. As for that nightmarish production, *Herzgewächse*, Op. 20, a setting of a poem by Maurice Maeterlinck for a superhuman

soprano with a compass of nearly three octaves (from low G sharp to F in alt.), harmonium, celesta and harp, the less said of it the better—we cannot trust ourselves to speak of it; and the same applies to the four orchestral songs, Op. 22, Schönberg's latest published work. Both are symptomatic of an ever-increasing lack of artistic balance and direction. He seems now to care less about writing good works than about making odd experiments and interesting discoveries with no definite end in view; the zest lies only in the voyage of discovery, not in the destination or in what awaits him at the journey's end—the characteristic and fatal tendency of nearly all modern composers. In the case of most of them it probably does not very much matter; they are not capable of anything better, and the little discoveries they are making may quite conceivably be of use some day to someone who will know what to do with them. With Schönberg it is a very different matter. He has shown himself to be an indisputable master capable of the very highest achievements, and, after all, it cannot be too strongly emphasised, particularly at the present time, that one successful work, one perfect achievement, is worth any number of interesting or suggestive experiments.

Schönberg's artistic development is at once an inspiring lesson and a warning example. He attains to his fullest strength and stature under the direct tutelage and guidance of traditional forms and methods. As soon as he discards them altogether he fails disastrously. The fact is that complete artistic freedom is only a theory and cannot exist in practice. It is an illusion, a mirage which recedes before us as we approach it, and vanishes like smoke as soon as we seem to have attained to it.

On the other hand, his correspondingly great achievement shows conclusively that no utterance, however new and vital, is incompatible with the past; that tradition, in the best sense of the word, is a living and eternal principle within whose terms can be reconciled the most conflicting and dissimilar artistic claims and ideals.

That Schönberg should have arrived almost simultaneously at both the zenith and the nadir of his powers is not the least disturbing feature of his extraordinary personality, and constitutes a psychological problem of considerable magnitude. Yet he is not altogether an isolated phenomenon in the history of art. William Blake is another example of a great artist who sought and achieved complete liberation and emancipation from tradition with identically the same disastrous consequences. Within the limits of metre and rhyme he was an accomplished master; perhaps one of the greatest poets England has ever produced; the *Prophetic Books*, written in defiance of rhyme,

rhythm and reason, are dreary wildernesses and arid deserts of incoherent rhapsody and senseless extravagance in the midst of which we find here and there a passage of extraordinary beauty and power. The same observations hold good of his pictorial art, and one could say that the engravings to the Book of Job bear much the same relation to the Prophetic Books and their illustrations that *Pierrot Lunaire* bears to *Die Glückliche Hand*.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Blake and Schönberg present many striking temperamental analogies to each other. Both exhibit the same boundless energy and virility, the same deliberate avoidance and disdain of sensuous beauty, though both are capable of it when they choose; both are alternately ascetic and passionate, imaginative and pedantic, utterly lacking in any kind of self-criticism or mental balance, frequently bigoted and insensitive, always inhuman.

Whether Schönberg will ever extricate himself from the dismal morass into which he has been lured by the will-o'-the-wisp of complete artistic freedom—a gaseous exhalation from stagnant pools of æsthetic theory—remains to be seen. It is perhaps too early as yet to despair altogether of an undoubted master who ought still to be at the summit of his artistic powers, but it must be admitted that the symptoms are not reassuring, and the recently published libretto of an oratorio, entitled *Die Jakobsleiter*, only serves to confirm our worst fears. If the music is to be anything like the libretto—and it is only natural to suppose that it will be—we must reluctantly abandon our last hope of his eventual artistic salvation, for a more preposterous farrago of incoherent mysticism, naive philosophy and pretentious moralising, it is impossible to imagine. Nietzsche writes somewhere that “we philosophers are never so pleased as when we are mistaken for artists.” The corollary is frequently true that artists, particularly musicians, are never so pleased as when they are mistaken for philosophers. Judging from this libretto, it would seem that Schönberg, too, would dearly love to be considered a philosopher, a poet, a priest, or a prophet—anything rather than what he is, potentially one of the keenest, most profound musical intelligences the world has yet seen.

The general nature and the more salient characteristics of Schönberg's genius have now been indicated; it only remains to define more precisely the relation in which he stands to the immediate past and to hazard a tentative opinion upon the question of his probable influence and bearing on the future.

Schönberg's disciples and admirers would fain have us see in him only the bold pioneer striking out new paths across trackless conti-

nents, the inspired innovator opening up new and incalculable vistas of boundless extent, and it is probably in this light that he sees himself. But there is another side to the picture. When one comes to examine his work more closely one discovers that with all its originality and revolutionary daring it is essentially a continuation and extension of the German romantic movement. His musical mentality is closely related to Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, and his technique is in large part their technique pushed to the furthest limits of refinement and perversity. In a word, he stands revealed as the last of an old line rather than as the first of a new one, and it is certainly to Schönberg the romantic rather than to Schönberg the revolutionary that we owe what is most lasting and vital in his work. Schönberg is the last commanding figure in the history of romanticism; *Pierrot Lunaire* plays the most important part in the harlequinade at the end of the romantic drama in which the romantic spirit satirizes itself, parodies its own heroic attitudes and postures, mocks at its own image reflected in the glass, and scoffs derisively at its own achievement in a last paroxysm of supreme disillusion, with one last impotent gesture of frenzied despair.

It is not easy to estimate the permanent and lasting value of what Schönberg has accomplished. Nearly all his works are merely progressive stages towards the attainment of an end—steps in a Jacob's Ladder which, though it reaches as far as the moon and the *Pierrot Lunaire*, falls short of Heaven, with its topmost rungs leading only into the vast and limitless reaches of the upper air; and it is this unsatisfactory nature of the larger part of his work which will tell most heavily against him in the course of time. But while the prestige of his works will probably wane in the future his influence will probably steadily increase. Not his direct influence, however; apart from a few pupils and imitators no musician is likely to travel very far along the lonely path Schönberg has trodden, but will content himself with the spoils that he has brought back with him.

Besides, there are unmistakable signs in art to-day of a reaction against the more extravagant excesses of recent years, of a reversion to simpler and less sophisticated methods and to saner and more harmonious ideals. This new tendency has already set in in painting, sculpture and literature; in music it is only just beginning. The truth is that the movement has exhausted itself. There is nothing left to discover. All the seas have been charted and sounded, all new continents explored, the extreme poles of artistic endeavour have been reached. There are no new worlds left for our Alexanders to conquer.

It is time to return from these distant lands and hazardous expeditions and to seek more temperate latitudes and more fruitful soil.

Of all this passing race of heroic pioneers, explorers, navigators, none has been more adventurous or daring, more tireless or indomitable than Arnold Schönberg, and none has brought back such sumptuous and glittering spoils, such strange and exotic trophies—certainly none is more worthy of our respect and admiration. But Arnold Schönberg, the inspired creator of *Pierrot Lunaire*, commands more than these; he has our reverent homage, our undying gratitude.

CECIL GRAY.

TUNE

DEFINITIONS of melody have been unequally divided between those which speak merely of a succession of pleasing or intelligible sounds,* and those which hint or actually say that it involves relations to a bass. This second view I can find mentioned only in three places, though I have not looked very far. Piero Francesco Tosi, translated by Mr. Galliard, 1743, under the title *Observations on the Florid Song*, p. 92, says: "All (I think) that can be said [of *Airs*] is to recommend to the Scholar an attentive Observation of the Art, with which the best Singers regulate themselves to the Bass, whereby he will become acquainted with their Perfections, and improve by them." Hegel, *Aesthetik*, 1838, vol. iii., p. 184, after apology for his ignorance of musical technicalities, goes to the root of the matter by saying, "Harmony and melody subsist as one compact whole, and a change in the one necessarily involves a change in the other." Finally, in Stanford's *Musical Composition*, 1911, p. 34, we find: "Write a melody in intelligible sentences, logical and clear in tonality, and to that melody write a good bass" (his italics). Melody under this second aspect is called in this article 'tune,' and it includes all music so far as its successive moments are under contemplation, from the song of the Andaman Islands on three notes at the interval of a quarter-note with the middle note as drone (which is in principle a bass) to the full-throated symphony where the melody is tossed about from one part to another and the bass sometimes expressed, sometimes implied.

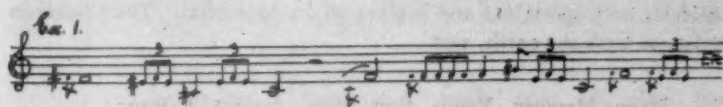
A tune is a sentence; and a sentence consists of nouns and verbs (strong), and adjectives, particles and the others (weak). The sentence makes 'sense'; and it does that in virtue of the relations between the strong and weak words. Of course there can be sentences mostly made up of strong words—"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head!"—or entirely without them—"Curiouser and curiouser," (said Alice). A weak word may by its position be made strong, as in the famous parody of Thucydides—"A difficult thing to drive is pigs many by one man very"—a device to

* James Grassineau, *Dictionary*, 1740; Rousseau, *Dictionary*, 1781; D'Alembert, *Elémens de Musique*, 1799; Gottfried Weber, *Theorie der Tonsetzkunst*, 1824; Mendel, *Musikalisches Lexikon*, 1877; Riemann, *Lexikon*, 1882; Parry, in *Grove's Dictionary*, 1890 and 1910.

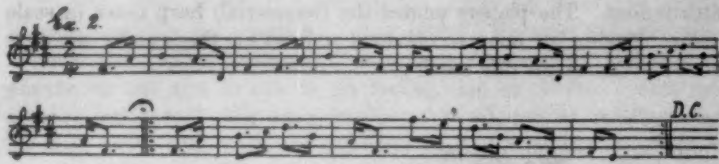
which Mr. Alfred Jingle's conversation owed some of its persuasive quality. But as a rule strong is strong and weak weak; both elements are adequately represented in the sentence and reinforce each other by contrast.

We have to consider what is 'strong' in music, and then we shall know what is 'weak.'

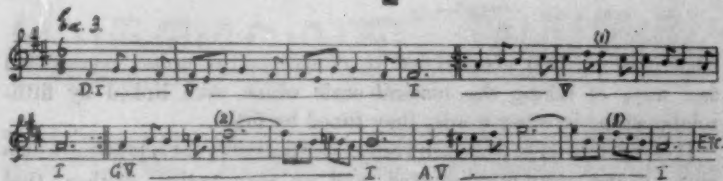
When Sargon, King of Akkad—or whoever it was—first swept his hand over the seven-stringed harp, no note was either strong or weak; and the same applies to Mary, aged 8, who can just reach the keyboard on tiptoe. Both of them had to 'make' the note one or the other. And the first idea that occurred to either of them was to repeat one note at the expense of the others, which note became thereby the tonic. It is by dint of repetition that the tonic is F# both in this tune from Sarawak (Borneo), although it begins on F# and ends (if it ever does end?) on C#



and in this Scotch tune,



in spite of the fact that it happens also to begin and end on F#. On the other hand, in this tune of Offenbach's repetition does not make the F# into a tonic, and the tonic, D, is not once mentioned in its whole course,



for the D at (1) is an appoggiatura for C#, at (2) is the dominant of G, and at (3) the subdominant of A.. Incidentally, it is the non-insistence

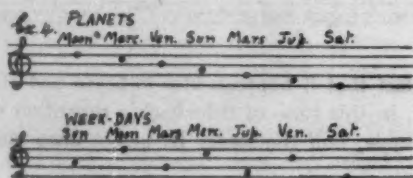
upon the tonic that contributes to the far-away sound, and the insistence upon the third of the scale, the "restful" note of the tonic solfa people, that contributes to the languid character of this particular tune.

To understand how it is that the tonic in the first two dialectical and unconscious tunes is made by repetition, and in the third literary and conscious tune by some other means, we must look at two more points.

Going back to Sargon and his Chaldeans for a moment, in spite of our having no treatise and no fragment of their notation, we know by an ingenious piece of reasoning* that they tuned in fifths. The names of the days of the week, assigned first by the Egyptians, and those of the notes of the harp are both taken from the planets. These were supposed to swing round the earth on invisible strings of different lengths, sounding the inaudible notes of that celestial harp which made "the music of the spheres" (the subsequent Greek theory interests only specialists and is given in an Appendix). The Chaldean order, as from the earth, was

Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn;

and the discrepancy of this with the order of the weekdays proves the fifth-tuning. The planets named the (terrestrial) harp notes in scale order. Taking the notes so obtained and writing them under the days of the week, we get this result:—

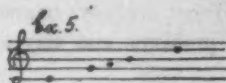


That is to say that about 6,000 years ago the two orders represented two ways of taking the musical scale which were linked by fifth-relationship; in other words, they tuned by fifths.

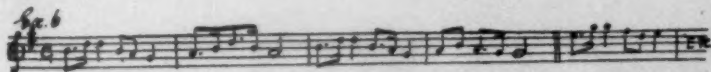
It is comforting to find such respectable antiquity for a practice which most of the earth has adopted, and we may notice, further, that

* See, *The Mystery of the Kingdom*, by C. E. Douglas, 1915, pp. 89—91.

Sargon's music shows a late stage of development. For he has seven notes to his scale, whereas a large part of mankind has only five.



whichever of them they may happen to take as tonic. But they are always surreptitiously inserting the other two, though they are not quite sure whether to sharpen or flatten them. Since they are doubtful about them, these two notes are 'weak' and the others *per contra* 'strong.' We realise that when a tune is confined to the strong notes it has a bold sound—Dvorak's "New World," for instance,



down to the double bar. After that a 'weak' note, F#, which has been kept in reserve and comes on the strong beat, is now made 'strong by position' (Thucydides's "very").

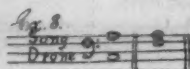
Thirdly, when a tiro is learning his notes he is always asking himself mentally the question, "how high?" the note is. And that involves the further question, "how high from *what*?" The only answer he can give to this is (in feeling, not in words) "from my average low note." But since in the act of singing an exciting song he loses touch with this note and gets confused, he has to create it somehow independently so as to be able to sing, as a solitary golf player plays, 'against bogy.' He gets hold of a drum, or a buzzing or booming instrument of some kind. This gives a constant, and therefore a 'strong' note against his variable and relatively 'weak' notes. Here is an instance from Rimsky Korsakov (*Scheherazade*):



The bassoon player, who has the melody, is not really puzzled here about "how high," but about "when." For against the three-time of the piece he has to fit in, for the space of five bars, what is made up of, and partly felt as, two sets of seven quavers; and though we must not insult him by hinting that he needed any help, perhaps the

composer divined that some of the audience would. At the same time, the drone bass sets all the sparkling points of the tune tingling like stars against the darkness, and so serves an æsthetic instead of a practical purpose. And that is always happening in music. Devices come in as solutions of problems and stay as elements of structure and beauty.

We notice that Korsakov has enough of his drone in ten bars, and changes it for another. That also is what the history books tell us. The passage from melody to harmony is the most wonderful moment in the whole of music. The Greeks never took that step, because they put their drone* on an instrument, not, as the Ecclesiastics did, on the voice. The voice gets tired of singing on one note, and the moment it changed to another they had two ways of harmonizing a given note :



And if two, why not more? And so, a moving bass; then a drone under these to keep them steady, till that again broke up, and three parts were moving, and eventually their musical sense was able to dispense with the drone altogether.† But this bass clings, as did the melody before it, to the strong notes. So we find that with the majority of Beethoven's themes (and, in principle, of his whole movements) the bass moves in the orbit of the tonic and its two satellites (and occasionally their two satellites), in other words, of the strong notes of the scale (B♭—F—C—G—D). (Cp. Ex. 5.—A=tonic.)

Henceforward, the 'tune' is no longer the melody on a drone, but the melody and its bass. The melody has no meaning, or, rather, it has every imaginable meaning, apart from its bass. What we said about melody now applies to bass. A vital bass is one which moves freely and makes both strong and weak notes tell by setting them in

* The ancient treatises never mention the drone. There is nothing curious in this, because we similarly quote a melody and leave the bass to be understood, which it usually can perfectly well. But Pachtikos, *Aismata Hellenica*, 1905, takes it for granted in his Introduction under the name of *τὸ ἄσπρον*, the 'level,' so that we cannot doubt they had it.

† Some people get a little bored with this 'drone' business, and wonder what it has to do with music as we know it. It is extraordinarily difficult to put oneself back to pre-harmonic thought. We are apt to think melody is only putting one note after another, and that anybody could do that. The remedy for this hallucination is to go and hear 'anybody' who is innocent of harmony doing it, and you will find two things: (1) that the result is not at all what we should call melody; (2) that if you ask him to stop his drone he will soon reply that he "feels like a ship without a rudder."

contrast. We see the weakness, then, of the Offenbach tune. Its basses have a small orbit. They are confined to I (tonic) and V (dominant). These have nothing to set them in relief, and so the tune stagnates—as, indeed, to suit its situation in the opera, it was meant to do.

In the strong and weak notes we have been talking about we recognise, of course, what later on were distinguished as diatonic and chromatic, as substantive and passing (notes and chords), as 'chords in the key' and 'borrowed' harmonies. The tendency throughout is for the weak notes to be absorbed into the strong; and the whole of dissonance is ultimately to be explained on this principle. We see it in progress in this passage from Ravel's "*Jeux d'eau*."



He wishes to set the strong notes of his bass theme in relief, so he contrasts them with the relatively weak notes in the right hand (simplified here), the strong being (in C# minor) C#, D#, F#, G#, and the weak E, A. We have only to think the successive notes of the left hand as simultaneous, to have all the diatonic notes in one chord, which actually occurs in "*Ma mère l'oye*." (As Parry said thirty years ago, there is no reason why the chromatic notes should not be added, and of course most of them have been by now.) There is also a fine piece of modulation into C# minor in "*La Cathédrale Engloutie*," where the strong notes of C# major simply pale away as the strong notes of C# minor dawn imperceptibly and inevitably as the sunrise itself.

Since Debussy was the apostle (but not the prophet—who was Glinka) of the whole-tone scale, we may examine that in a digression, which those who are not interested in such details are invited to skip. Dvorak's tune, which involved nothing smaller than a tone, was strong, and Beethoven's basses which eschew semitones are strong. There is also a good acoustical reason for tones, which involve no interval beyond $\frac{3}{2}$, being strong and semitones, which also involve the less audible $\frac{5}{4}$, being weak. We might suppose therefore that

the whole tone scale which has no semitones would be stronger than the diatonic.

Singers and string players who 'make' their own notes, take the interval C—E in *harmony* as a Tierce (true major third) but in *melody* as a Ditone (two major tones).^{*} This was established half a century ago by two Frenchmen.[†] One tierce and two ditones make exactly an octave[‡]; that is to say, we feel three superposed thirds as being, one of them (obviously the lower one) harmonic, and the two others melodic. There is no room here for a treatise on the subject, but we take the crucial chord—the augmented triad. If that were, as has been supposed, two superposed tierces, it would be the only instance§ in harmony of two identical intervals being superposed. In this chord the augmented fifth is simply a semitonally-altered perfect fifth, and since that is melodic, the upper third is 'sung' as a ditone.

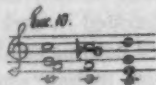
With this, and other chords that might be instanced, the case for the whole tone scale (or chord) as a real factor of harmony falls. Yet that scale *is* something. It is a conception which enables us to place a true tierce on or below any note of the diatonic scale, a conception at which the whole history of music had been aiming, as the key (of C) took in successively the B \flat , D \flat , D \sharp , A \sharp , A \flat and other triads. The whole-tone is not a stronger scale than the diatonic. It is the diatonic, but with a greater freedom of movement. Melody cannot be made in whole-tones pure and simple. You may write it—

^{*} This explains why the piano, whose equally tempered third is nearer to the ditone than to the tierce is a good accompaniment for the solo voice but a bad accompaniment for a choir, though better, of course, than the present organ and harmonium are (unless they are used with discrimination). Anyone who heard Wells cathedral organ before 1891 will endorse this; more of religion than people think went with the mean-tone tuning, which I heard at Norwich in 1872.

[†] See, Helmholtz, App. XIX., Table VI. E., pp. 787—81 of the English translation.

[‡] This is as near as the best pianoforte-tuner usually gets to the octave, with an error of 1/100 of a tone. It is clear that we regard the octave as made up neither of three tierces (flat by 1/5 tone), nor of a ditone and two tierces (flat by 1/10 tone), nor of three ditones (sharp by 1/9 tone).

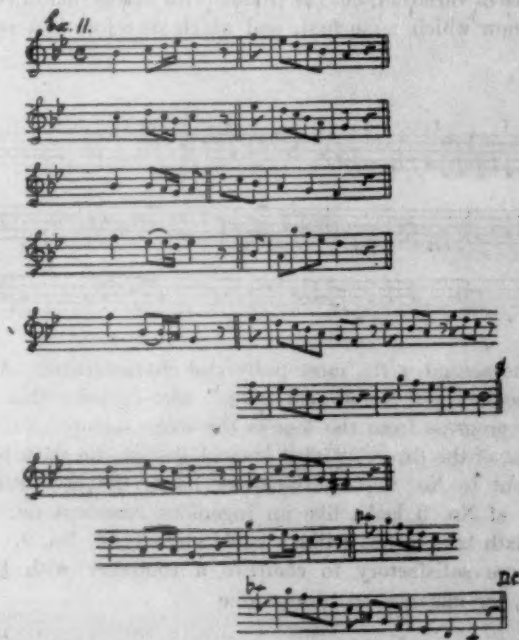
[§] The major ninth (= two fifths) is not a true instance, because its undeniable euphony depends on its embodying the 9th partial, not on its happening also to involve the 3rd partial of the 3rd partial. The proof is that we hear such combinations as



not as inversions of ninths but as common chords (see Debussy *passim*, the "London Symphony," etc.). The diminished triad (B—D—F) is made up of a minor third (B—D) and a (smaller) 'Pythagorean' third (D—F). The fact that equal temperament effaces the difference does not alter our harmonic feeling.

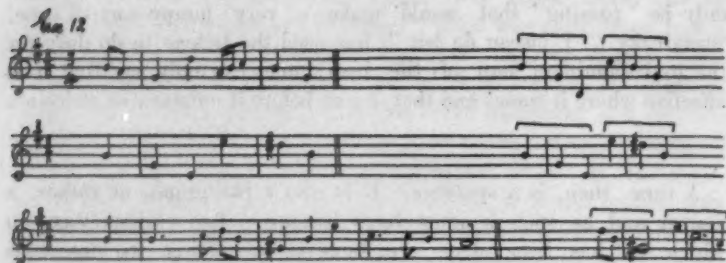
that has been done—but the ear will not accept it nor the heart treasure it. The reason is that no more than three of its notes can be strong in any one key, and they are clustered in one part of the octave with the weak in the other part; and since 'weak' notes can only be 'passing' that would make a very jumpy sort of tune. Stravinsky ("L'oiseau de feu") has used the tritone to do duty for the tonic-dominant leap of the bass; one can only say that it is effective where it comes and that it goes before it outstays its welcome.

A tune, then, is a sentence. It is also a paragraph, or rather, a stanza and as such it must have balance. The various ways in which this has been done are, however interesting, too numerous to go into here. We will, however, look at one of them: variation. Let us take an instance to start with—"Where'er you walk," from *Semele*—and compare with it this little ordnance map.

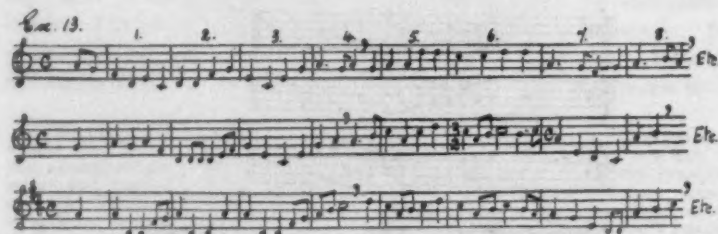


There are thousands of tunes built upon variations like this, though few so systematically. Perhaps the 'system' is partly a sign of weakness, as is every rigorous plan. For a tune must have, first and

foremost, fling—that element of unaccountableness and wonder which pervades life in every form. A subtler instance is seen in the three stanzas of Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness to fly,"



The whole of this song will repay study. Its condensation, economy and withal spontaneity are masterly. Folk-song gives us another good instance of variation, but the trouble with this is that of two songs we never know which came first, and which therefore is a variant of which.



Of these the second is the most pithy and characteristic. According to the upholders of "communal song," who consider that there is an upward progress from the less to the more mature, No. 2 would be the latest of the three. And it is clear that in the sixth bar No. 3 is antecedent to No. 2. On the other hand, the little run in the fourth bar of No. 3 looks like an ingenious comment on, and the fifth and sixth bars of No. 1 like a faded memory of, No. 2.

It is more satisfactory to compare a composer with himself—Beethoven, for instance, at twenty-nine

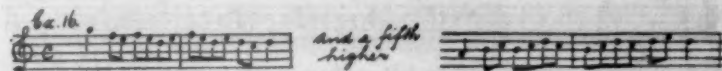


with Beethoven at fifty-three,

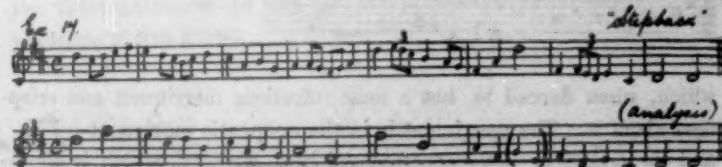


where he has varied and tapered the metre, made the bass move more, broken up the four-bar feeling and dispensed with the rather wooden fifth-sequence.

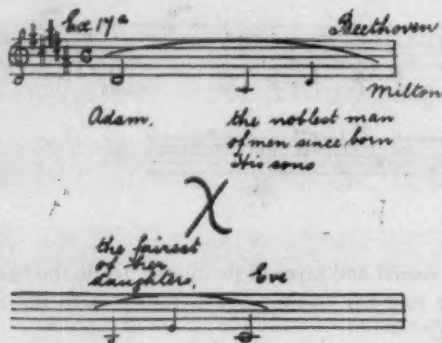
It happens that in an octave of "white" notes down from E the tones and semitones occur in the same order as in an octave up from C. Brahms, like many before him, takes advantage of this fact to make another kind of variation. In "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" literally, and in the scherzo of his first symphony by implication, the second phrase is the exact upside-down of the first.



There is sometimes a felt balance between the two sections of a strain, which the actual notes do their best to conceal. In "Step-back," one of the liveliest of the English morris tunes, the whole strain is built on a passage in thirds—that particularly English interval which we call "singing a second" and have inherited from the Britons (who now survive chiefly in Wales); and these are repeated at the distance of a fifth, as the analysis shows.

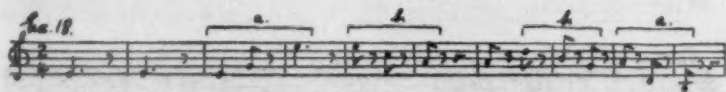


A neat way of varying this balance is by what the rhetoricians call "chiasmus"—e.g.,




N.B.—Please correct "noblest" to "goodliest," and put a comma after "born" and "sons."

Or look at finale of Beethoven's 4th piano concerto. Here is the skeleton of it:



Variation consists sometimes not in the departure from a stated theme, but in two themes departing equally from an imagined norm (as in Elgar's "Enigma"). A simple instance is "Brighton Camp," another of the morris tunes. The first strain (eight bars) is what we know as "The girl I left behind me." Then comes

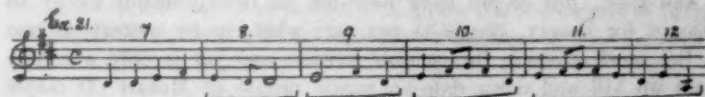


which, when danced to, has a most infectious merriment and crispness about it. The merriment is in the anapaestic movement  and the crispness in the contrapuntal hint, perhaps, which is shown in the analysis, and which is so common in Bach's melodies. In the

17th fugue (of the 48), for instance, the bridge between the second and third entry is practically in three parts.



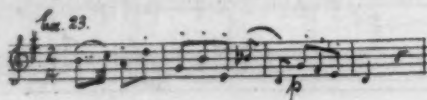
There is also the 'tapering' form of variation of which the theme in the finale of the Ninth Symphony provides an instance, when the eighth bar is varied three times over to form the development section.



Tune gives its most abiding pleasure when something in it veils something else. The arresting quality of the first sixteen lines of *Paradise Lost* is due, among other things, to the fact that in every line the speaking stress differently veils the scansion stress. Nature when she turns artist does the same: in the mountain lake and the crystal and the bird's flight she (differently) veils, but does not contradict, the law of gravity. And a strong tune is similarly the result of opposing forces, whose reconciliation is exactly what we like it for. The weak tunes are those which do not press this opposition to its conclusion, and so evade the reconciliation. The vulgar tunes are those which do not recognize more than one force as operating at all, and so have nothing to reconcile. But the strong tune is always, differently, pressing its point in the teeth of opposition and courting the discord that ensues (or, but for some stroke of genius, would ensue) as a step to a higher concord. Haydn begins the slow movement of his D minor Symphony with a diverging sequence of five notes.



He then rests, as much as to say, How would you go on?—and answers by diverging further (and following this by a balancing convergence). So far he has established a pattern. When he repeats, therefore, he has something to veil.



The characteristic drop of the seventh is still there but in another place—D—E instead of E—F#—and anticipated so as to give it grip, while the drop of the sixth (Bb—D), which holds the place of the original drop, maintains the uniformity and yet veils the rigidity.

And then, just as we have invented all this beautiful theory to account for beauty, comes to our ears what, in its context, is one of the most amazing things ever written and yet is only a simple scale up hill and down dale—a sunny phrase of Mozart (D major violin concerto, end of the slow movement)—



and upsets it all! Upsets it, not because it is in any way opposed to the theory (for it could easily be shown to embody that), but because in the presence of beauty—i.e., life—we simply cannot attend to any theory.

At this point people are apt to grow impatient and say, Away with theories, then, one and all. That is an intelligible point of view and it applies not merely to tune but to the whole of music. It says that music cannot be spoken of in words at all—that we can say literally nothing about it except: How beautiful! or How ugly! or How anything—that-lies-between-these! And, in point of fact, that is all that some people do say. Yet they are aware that one tune is stronger, livelier, quieter, severer, quainter, longer, quicker or higher than some other, that every tune has a background of some sort against which its foreground stands out—that, in fact, there is a good deal to say about it and that the fault is with ourselves if we cannot find the words. The truth, surely, is that though we are both reasoning and

sentient beings we seldom conduct the processes of ratiocination and emotion at the same time, and that music, which is one reflection of our inmost nature, as political economy is another, is a matter of both, and that only an imperfect view of it results from pressing either alone.

Mozart's semibreve shows the correlative of variation—the refusal to vary. Without this, variation would lose its value. The F sharps in Offenbach's Barcarole established a level in order to emphasize the subsequent departure from it. A little cluster of notes serves the same purpose in Schubert's *Ständchen*; so does a continued figure at the opening of *L'oiseau de feu*, and in the last two movements of Holst's "Beni-Mora"; the 'five-finger' theme of the Ninth symphony enhances the (downward) climax in the twelfth bar; the stationary first subject of the *Waldstein* acts as a foil to the roving second subject. Whether the area it covers is small or large, whether the opposition is violent or gentle, it is in the *felt* alternation of height and depth, of rest and motion, that the 'meaning' of tune resides.

Sir Henry Hadow, in *Studies in Modern Music*, made out four elements of great art—Vitality, Labour, Proportion (or balance) and Fitness (for the purpose in hand). We have said something of Proportion and may now spare a few words for the other three.

Vitality, or its absence, is mostly to be seen in rhythm. Rhythm is not *time* (marching or dancing) nor *pace* (fast or slow) nor *metre* (the distribution of durations), but the fact that, a normal motion having been established, some other motion accentuates it or contrasts with it.* This is the motive power of tune. Before the days of

* We do not get much enlightenment from Grove's Dictionary; since the articles on Accent, Metre, Rhythm, Tempo and Time have been entrusted to four different writers, with the result that one calls 'rhythm' what another calls 'metre,' and that two writers use 'accent' in a different sense. Words are not made by Act of Parliament: they grow. Their growth may be traced, but it is more to the point here to ask what those five words now mean in ordinary English parlance.

Accent is (1) a capricious, usually sudden, increase of sound, or (2) a felt periodicity (without increase of sound).

Metre is a poetical term which has never been practically applied to music. But there seems to be no reason why, if it means 'duration of syllables' in poetry, it should not be used in music for the 'duration of notes.' We could then speak of the metrical variety of *Ueber allen Gipfeln* or of the 'cello solo in Beethoven's sonata in A major and of the metrical uniformity of "Gaily the Troubadour" and the "Merry Widow" waltz.

Tempo is pace, and that's all about it.

Time, in the technical sense, is the grouping we choose, for the moment, of the note-durations; definite, but not necessarily continuous.

Rhythm means 'flow.' We talk of 'prose rhythm' and 'poetical rhythm,' meaning the general sense we have of being swept along, of having got the

harmony tune was moved by 'points on the drum' or by cross-times in the melody. With the advent of harmony the movement comes from the counterpoint and primarily from a strong bass. Harmony is static, and can, it is true, increase the resources of the bass by making a note have more than one meaning. But counterpoint and dissonance (which is compressed counterpoint) are dynamic, and it is they that really do the business.

For two simultaneous melodies establish a 'parallax' of time. Two butterflies in the mating season, two yachts entering a harbour, two versions of a tale are more exciting than one, because by the fact that one overtakes the other or leaves it in the lurch they define a moment in the future, just as in space the concurrent lines of a parallax define position at a distance. This moment is most clearly felt when there are only two melodies, as in the episode for two violins in the "Amen" chorus. As the parts increase in number the feeling decreases, and accordingly more than half of all that Mozart and Beethoven wrote is in only three parts. When new paths of harmony are being explored the number of parts tends to increase, because composers are stating new experiences and have not yet learned how to suggest them merely. But however many the parts, there are always two that stand out—treble and bass—and do more than all the rest, as Brahms implied by covering up the inner parts of a new song, to impart motion by their mutual rivalry. So that the main factor of vitality in melody is a moving bass, conspicuous for which have been in their several degrees Steffani, Purcell, Pergolesi, Rameau, Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, Schubert, Dvorak, Brahms and, towering above them all, Bach; while Schumann and Chopin turned their attention rather to the inner parts, and others to other elements of vitality—Mozart to melodic balance, Beethoven to rhythmic distribution, Wagner to the rising climax.

Who is it enjoys a tune most? The composer who has lived with it

swing of it. (We do not attach any technical meaning to the word.) 'Swing' seems to mean the sum total of many tiny indications which convince us we are right in our general conception of the motion of the poem or the piece of music. For it is a very easy thing to be wrong, to become confused. We cannot take a footrule to time. All we can do is to keep checking it and seeing that we are punctual. And the way we check it is by putting other things against it—(1) some contrasted pace which our commonsense tells us is too fast or too slow, (2) some supplementary motion which shall bring out the salient points of *our* motion, (3) some other equally definite but contrasted motion which will meet our motion at a certain future point, if both are rightly maintained. The painter speaks of rhythm too, and he seems to mean thereby converging or sympathetic lines which, as Euclid says, "if continually produced will," etc.

The statement in the text is submitted tentatively for consideration.

through weeks of alternating hopes and fears and knows both its capabilities and his shortcomings? Or the performer who finds in it splendid material out of which to create what he enjoys creating? Or the public that come to listen and if they feel it has done them good will come again, but have no words to say what good it did? All, in their degree; but what is the tune apart from these aspects of it?

First of all, it is a sincere thing, for if it were not that, the composer would not forget about eating, answering letters and all the things we see him omit to do, the public would fidget, and the performers would choose something else. Secondly, it is a piece of work, like driving an engine or soldering or casting accounts. We easily forget that more than half the battle lies in the workmanship. Composer and performer are both intent on making a neat job of it. If one of them did say "from the heart it came and to the heart it shall go" he meant just what any man with his heart in his work might mean, even if he did not say it. Hear their talk. It is all on technical points, nothing about beauty or divinity, nor, except from the charlatans, about cash. Lastly, tune is something personal. Every phrase says—A made me, or B sang me, or C played me. Collaborations between composers, which sometimes occur, leave us a little bewildered; piano duets are apt to bore us; organ and piano-player arrangements lack warmth; the average audience recalls a solo player half a dozen times and gives an orchestra rather perfunctory applause. Personality is the one thing we cannot forgo.

The sincere work of a person; that is what a tune is. It is not the embodiment of Love, the very voice of Fear, the image of Distress or any of the things that those people who have never filled even a page of music paper are always saying it is. The composer very likely knew what love and fear and distress were, but not when he was writing his tune. Then he attended to business, and if Love and Co. came in at all it was only to administer a jog and shake him out of that state of nohow-in-particular in which nobody, not even a crossing-sweeper, can do anything properly. And what his tune does for us when it reaches us, is to make us not moral but sincere, not lovers of beauty but lovers of work, not smiling-images-pushed-from-behind but persons. If it did anything else it would do us not good but harm.

Not beauty? says someone. Well, yes, perhaps, because beauty is work, work beauty—as Keats did not say. Look at that farm, its grey tiles softened with moss and brightened by the clear, fresh face in the doorway. Listen to the easy-clicking latch of the gate, and run your eye up the tidy disorder of the garden, to the porch with the worn settle, and away to the streak of new paint on the wain-wheels, to the

tilted ladder with wisps of hay on the rungs, the pony under a saddle-tree that has opened out with wear with a glossy half-twist to its stirrup-leathers waiting for his master with his reins hitched to the gate-post, the milk-pails with the yoke lying across them, the half-cut rick on its steadles that defy the rats, the muddy path into the meadow that the cattle have worn. All these, we say, are 'beauty.' But take away the work of wind and weather, of man and maid, and they are only shapes and pigments reflected upon the retina. So it is with a tune. This one soars to the empyrean; that one has a dying fall; and we say, and think, that it is these things we like them for. But what we are really liking is the consciousness, which we cannot put into such glib words, that a man has been doing work somewhere—a matter which we have reasons of our own for understanding—and that at these points which, as it were, caught the sunlight, we surprised him in the act, and went back heartened therefrom to our own less significant affairs.

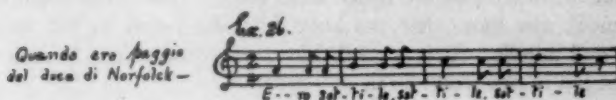
Fitness for its purpose is an obvious element of tune. In Haydn's symphony (above) we notice an appropriateness in the themes of the different movements (put, here, for comparison in the same key and the same note-values).



N.B.—Please correct semiquavers to quavers.

And this metamorphosis of theme, developed by Beethoven, Franck and Strauss, the basis also of Wagner's treatment of themes, is a natural way of linking up a work. But we must do no more than feel it (as in the Haydn); if we can point it out with the finger, as sometimes in Charpentier's *Louise*, it overshoots its mark. Most composers have therefore dispensed with it and have confined themselves to appropriateness within the movement. With song and opera the appropriateness is, of course, to the words. Bach had his peculiar way of securing this, rather ponderous as it reads to us in Pirro's pages, but so apt and unobtrusive in the works themselves that we hardly notice its contribution to the total effect. Schubert, like no one else, could catch the changing mood of a song, Wolf refined upon this, Brahms

deepened it. We all treasure this or that phrase which seems to echo the exact fall of the speaking voice—Verdi's *Falstaff*—



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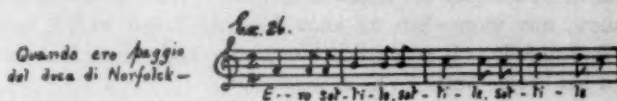
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deepened it. We all treasure this or that phrase which seems to echo the exact fall of the speaking voice—Verdi's *Palstaff*—



or Brahms's *Zigeuner-lieder*—



The highest form of this fitness for its purpose is found in Mozart. He used tune for the true purpose for which it exists, to give vent to elective affinities, to 'purge' for us the feelings with which we hear news, realise a situation, see a person come into a room, or anticipate or reflect on these things. Such a tune is the very manners of the soul. Stravinsky lately called it "creative" melody, and a writer in *The Times* commented that that was what distinguished opera which endured from opera which did not.

For it is all very well to say that the day of tune as such is past, that we have gone further and sublimated it into harmony. That is partly true, for there is always a fringe where melody is drawing two of its own moments closer in counterpoint, and where counterpoint is squeezing its passing notes into substantive harmonies. When it is more than a fringe, we have a case of "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien." The body of a work moves from moment to moment, and these moments must adopt some attitude towards each other; some are strong, others weak. It is this attitude which constitutes tune, whether the moments are notes or chords, whether the melody is in one voice or in several, whether the bass is expressed or implied. We handle ever greater and greater masses, but the tactics and strategy of music remain, when the legions have thundered past, as simple in fundamentals as they always were.

But not beauty? persists that voice. Yes, beauty, and beauty alone, for now we can perhaps give it a name. Beauty is the grace that comes from Proportion, the glow of health that comes from Vitality, the dignity that comes from Labour and the purpose

that underlies Fitness. But composers, being wise men, do not expect to reach the end except through the means. So they devote themselves to the four to which we have given capital letters, and if they are faithful the other four are added unto them. How these come we do not know, any more than we know how the bread we eat becomes brain and muscle. It is a good thing, not a bad thing, that there is enough left in this world for us to wonder at.

I read this paper through again and see that there are two grave objections to it. First, that it started with the ambitious title of "Tune" and has since expatiated into the still more ambitious subject of "music." But if Hegel was right, that was inevitable. "C'est que la musique est comme ça," as Casals said. There are no sign-posts stuck up at the corner of a wood or at a bridge-head with "Out of bounds" on them. That is the worst of music: it will insist on being such a thoroughgoing art that, as Plato implied and Pater observed, form and substance are indistinguishable.

And secondly, and, in the eyes of many, a worse crime, the article suggests that music, as we 'moderns' understand it, is reducible to an effete thing like tune—a foursquare, sixteen-bar thing, maybe—the very thing that we have been trying to get away from ever since Brahms—or, shall we say, since Carissimi? or Hucbald? or the Delphic fragment? To such one would answer that tune is here studied as, in a larger sphere, we study the *Politics* and the *Republic*; not because we hope to learn from them the solution of the problems of labour, disarmament, or unemployment, but because we know that communal man always tends to have the same fears and desires, and because we find the problems that now convulse a continent put by their authors in a nutshell.

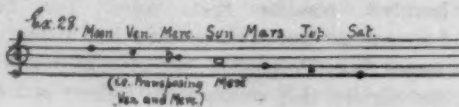
A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

APPENDIX.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

An old, beautiful fancy, one would say, but with nothing in it for musicians! Let us see.

Before the Greeks came on the scene the Chaldean astronomical theory had advanced. They had decided that instead of seven planets (sun, moon and the five others then known) going round the earth, the five went round the sun, and the sun (with its five) and the moon went round the earth. This gave the order as from the earth—



and the scale is so given, with the names so assigned, by Nicomachus* circ. A.D. 50. But within Greek times another advance had been made. All these including the earth were held to move round the "central fire," and Pythagoras (B.C. 500) asserted that central fire to be the sun. Accordingly Nicomachus marks the sun (and its note) as *mesē* (middle).

There are four Greek words whose meaning in music has never been satisfactorily explained.

Harmoniā (a 'fitting') is their name for a scale, and it is not obvious why they should have hit upon such an idea instead of the 'ladder' which has occurred to most other peoples. But if they regarded the motion of each planet as *actually* producing a sound (though too fine for the human ear to catch) whose pitch was proportional to its distance from the earth (arrived at by calculation of the time it took to make one complete revolution among the fixed stars) and the interweaving of these sounds as offering the *ideal* example of the order and fitness of Creation, it was natural that their musical scale should have been called a 'fitting.'

Mesē is well understood in Greek music to mean the note on which two neighbouring tetrachords meet. It does not mean the middle note of the scale, for it is only by the accident of the mode that the *mesē* is in that position—besides, there is no 'middle' to an eight-note scale. Now 'middle' is not the natural word to describe a meeting-point; one would have expected some such word as 'common.' But the Greeks conceived of the *mesē* as that note from which all others took their meanings, just as the planets took their motions from the 'central' sun—as a tonic, in fact—and it is in that sense that Nicomachus uses the word.

Hypatē ('highest') and *netē* ('lowest') are used, beyond any doubt, to name respectively the lowest and highest notes of the octave scale. Some have accordingly supposed that the Greeks had the opposite feeling to ours as to what is 'high' and what 'low' in music, just as the Maori view is opposed to ours when they say of part-singing that the harmony comes down upon them 'from above.' But the majority (Macran's *Aristoxenus*, Grove's Dictionary, etc.) follow apparently Govaert, who says (II. 253) that the *kithara*-player "held his instrument on his knee or in his arms with the lowest strings outwards; . . . such a position offers a plausible explanation of *hypatē* highest as applied to the lowest string." The logic of his conclusion is not beyond reproach, and meanwhile Nicomachus, whom he actually quotes on the same page, is quite clear. He explains *hypatē* by a word which is applied in Greek literature to the gods 'above,' and *netē* by one which is similarly applied to the dead 'below.' This obviously means that when the Greek looked up into the heavens at night, Saturn (the lowest note) was highest above his head, and the moon (the highest note) lowest, and that his musical nomenclature has nothing to do either with his psychology or with his instrument but only with the particular form his astronomical reasoning took.

The "music of the spheres," then, may be a fancy, but it is a fancy which had a practical result. That may remind us of what we have often noticed, that the further we go back in history the more myth, which embodies principles, counts as against recorded fact, which only supplies detail. But it reminds us of something else. We smile at this myth, and wonder how a quick-witted people allowed a practical art to be modelled on a theory. But 5000 A.D. will in like manner smile at us as the period—we shall be a 'period,' not sentient men and women any more—the period when 'human creatures'—we shall not even be 'people'—fancied they could make better music by inventing a story about it which they called 'programme,' though it is clear enough to us—i.e., to 5000 A.D.—that all that was happening was that they were still occupied in disputing Wagner's will and trying to find profitable investments for his legacies.

Pity that the paper on which this is written will not last long enough for them to know that their verdict was foreseen!

A. H. F. S.

* Meibom. p. 6.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

The English Madrigal Composers. By E. H. Fellowes. Clarendon Press.

Not often is it possible in these days for a scholar to lay his hand upon his breast and say, "Alone I did it." Dr. Fellowes, needless to state, has not said it, or anything like it, for the modesty of his disposition is commensurate with his intellectual endowment. But he might have said it. Till now, it has not been possible for anyone to write a book dealing with the work of the English madrigal composers in its entirety, for the simple reason that no one previously had covered the whole ground. Others have explored part of the field—and no one is more prompt than Dr. Fellowes to pay tribute to pioneers like Mr. Arkwright and Mr. Barclay Squire—but Dr. Fellowes is the first to survey the full extent of it, and report in detail on the treasure it contains. For anyone less industrious it would have been the work of a lifetime; as it is, it has meant years of patient research, of scouring the country in quest of forgotten manuscripts, of poring in musty libraries, of sitting down, day after day, hour after hour, to score and transcribe, until every part-book in the country should have yielded up the secret so jealously guarded for upward of three centuries. Now it is all done, and Dr. Fellowes has found time to write a book recording this gallant adventure of the mind, describing the contents and revealing the beauties of what he found by the way. Other books—conceivably better books—may be written hereafter on the same subject, but none can have quite the same authority, or the same breathless and vital interest.

A critical discussion of the various points raised by Dr. Fellowes is inadvisable at the moment, because it could only be incomplete. Dr. Fellowes' own work is done; the publishers' only half-done. Only sixteen volumes out of a prospective thirty-six or so have hitherto been published, and the majority of these have very properly been devoted to the greatest of the madrigal writers, i.e., Byrd, Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye and Weelkes. Of the lesser men, a slender volume by Farmer has appeared, but other composers like Kirbye, Benet, Bateson—men who in lesser company would be stars of considerable magnitude—are still in MS. Therefore, interesting as it would be to consider Dr. Fellowes' estimate of the five great writers above mentioned, it seems better to defer the examination until the complete works are available, for perusal, and to content ourselves here with noting the scope and the formal arrangement of the volume.

The latter will not escape criticism. The book falls into two main divisions. The first (twelve chapters in all) is historical and technical in character, dealing with such questions as the origin of the term madrigal, the form of the madrigal and of its first cousins the ballet and the canzonet, the peculiarities of the notation, the special rhythmic

and harmonic features of the idiom used, and so forth. All this is admirable. There are one or two details of technique on which we should be inclined to question Dr. Fellowes' interpretation, but these are of so minor a character that to particularise them here would be to give them undue prominence. The second part of the book is critical-biographical in character, and consists of a brief sketch of the life and career of each composer (so far as known) and some account of the scope and general characteristics of his work. This varies in size, of course, according to the magnitude of the achievement; Byrd gets seventeen pages, Richard Carlton is dismissed in as many lines. The proportion of space allotted to each individual is probably just; in any case, no one is in a position to challenge it. But what many readers will feel is that the second half of the book suffers from being thus split up into minute watertight compartments. This could have been avoided by relegating the biographical details to an appendix and estimating the value of the work by a more comparative method, passing the period as a whole under a bird's eye review, and dwelling on such features of it as seem significant in themselves or as differentiating it in style from the great Continental tradition that arose with Arcadelt and Festa and eventually came to its flamboyant end at the hands of Gesualdo and Monteverde.

But there Dr. Fellowes gets us immediately on the hip. Had the savants of Antwerp and Venice and Rome done their work (he can say) as well as I have done mine, such a chapter might have been written. Show me even an edition—not a good edition, but an edition at all—of Marenzio, and I will draw you some interesting comparisons. As things are—how can I?

It is quite true; the fault is not his, nor even ours. Perhaps the *Raccolta Nazionale* will one day step into the breach.

R. O. M.

Music and Life. By W. J. Turner. Methuen.

"If musical critics were paid five thousand a year," says Mr. Turner, "with a pension at fifty, and given an adequate time to think" All these papers in *Music and Life* bear indelibly the brand of the journal, and it is only through the brand that one sees the freshness and the not infrequent rightness of Mr. Turner's views. He is disarming in his simplicity, and disappointing in his carelessness. He has not troubled to look over with any care his printed articles from the *New Statesman*, and some mistakes still occur which were gently corrected in that paper's correspondence columns. He leaves his subjects in the air. He emphasises his points not by exposition or reasoning but by vigorous over-statement: he says, for example, that Mr. Frank Bridge could have written a part of the B minor Mass. He revels in the commonsense novelty of his own views. He dabbles. And yet we often agree with him. We feel that we need less thematic material and more development. For instance, Mr. Turner expresses a philosophy that music has no dealing with emotion, but he betrays some haziness about his own definition of emotion: he too often confuses it with the feelings expressed by Sir Luke Fildes and Mrs. Hemans, though he sympathetically talks of "tenderness" and "moods" in music. So we feel that with a full

discussion his views might well coincide with our own, which at present is impossible. The opposite, the music of "sensuous imagination," has its fullest discussion in the paper on "Song-Writing." In ten times the number of words Mr. Turner would give us his entire mind about songs; it is not enough for him to state, in a very limited space, "I can hardly understand composers writing songs at all." If he wishes to be seriously considered as a musical critic, he must either learn to understand or give us his *Apologia*, with examples. So with Tchaikovski; let us have an entire study of Mr. Turner's dislike of him, and not a few despising sentences.

H. J. F.

Violin Playing as I Teach It. By Leopold Auer. Duckworth & Co.

This short—too short—book makes appeal both to teachers and pupils by its clear-cut statements about violin technique, and to the general musician also by its chapters on phrasing and style. The author describes his purpose to be "to place at the disposal of teachers and students of the violin a brief, straightforward presentation of what it has taken me a lifetime to learn." He is the musical son of Dont and Joachim, and the father in music of Elman, Heifetz, Kathleen Parlow, Seidel, Zimbalist and others less well known to us here. The description of Joachim's lessons, of his quartet evenings, of the gatherings at his house—David, Brahms, Clara Schumann, F. Hiller, Niels Gade—is absorbing. He sets great store by Ernst and Wieniawski, in a way that may surprise those who know the F sharp minor concerto and the *Légende* only too well. He tells a fine story about Anton Rubinstein, whose fifth concerto had not gone with complete understanding at a rehearsal at Petrograd. Auer, who was conductor, approached him, as he walked up and down the artist's room like a caged lion, to clear up one or two passages. "I know no more about it than you do," was the reply, "but both of us are musicians and we will keep together whatever happens." Not the least charming characteristic of the book is the way in which eminent composers and violinists are introduced for the sake only of the positive good they did.

The History of English Music. By Henry Davey. 2nd Edition. Revised and re-written, with Appendix to 1921. J. Curwen & Son, Ltd.

A second edition of this extremely valuable book, bringing it up to date with an appendix and supplementing much of the information previously given on Tudor music, is to be welcomed both in itself and as a sign that the first has met with recognition. The appendix, an extraordinarily difficult thing to write, covers the ground fairly, and is too broadminded to give any sort of offence. Two direct statements which had prejudiced readers against the first edition are repeated and defended: these were (1) "The art of musical composition is an English invention"; (2) "I claim Hugh Aston as the inventor of instrumental composition." The objection raised to these statements

by "not only ordinary journalists but" others are dismissed in this second preface as mere "word-catching." And there, since there are honest men on both sides, the question may be left, especially as it can only be a matter of degree. A middle course, always dear to the English mind, may be found by admitting that the antecedents, if any, of Dunstable and Aston are unknown to us; this leaves both parties in the right. The merit of such a book as this lies not so much in its style nor in its accuracy (which, admirable as it is in the few places where we could check it, later research may correct) as in the sense of proportion we get from such an extended outlook, and in the candour with which Mr. Davey has given, where possible, his sources, and made it possible for skill and industry to make those corrections.

A Musical Pilgrim's Progress. By T. D. M. Rorke. Oxford University Press.

Here is the man one knew must exist, but had never quite come across—the man who lives life and uses language as a natural thing and who has in the course of it stumbled upon art as a life-experience, not as a dogma. Two arts are real experiences to him; they happen to be music and poetry, though they might just as well have been something else. The book is about music.

He has conceived the idea of living through in his own person the experience of the race, and of writing a history of his own voyage of discovery. Just as primitive mankind stumbles upon the sweetness of the flute or the delight of singing in thirds and is led eventually from either of them to symphony and opera, so he stumbles on Chopin at his most sentimental moment and voyages through an inordinate number of piano-player rolls at last to those places where Beethoven leads out into the infinite. He hears with an undulled ear which those who are old in music may envy, and he records with a precision and detachment which the head of a criminal investigation department only dreams of. Preferences in music are often called a matter of taste, but they are something better. Musical events, like the slow movement of the Ninth Symphony just before the horn passage and the Cavatina of Op. 130, are not idols to worship but touchstones of ourselves. Most of us would put the Cavatina on a pedestal because we had been taught to do so, or because we had reached it by quartet playing or reading; Mr. Rorke puts it there because the slow movement of Op. 106 led him on to discover the whole of Beethoven till he found that the Cavatina embodied for him the quintessence of Beethoven's spirit. The author modestly says that his book will take an hour or so to read. It will take three or four if you look out and ponder the references, but it will seem like one or two; and in the course of those a good many things will have been said that you will wish you could have said so well. For one moment only (p. 75) he touches on technical matters, and there the facts are (probably) against him; but he instantly confesses that he is "out of his depth." It is little touches like this and a footnote on p. 42 (where, after risking a simile, which feeling rather than reason warrants, he leaves it "on the off-chance that someone may greet it with recognition") that convince us that his record of the things he has experienced are to be trusted.

65 Don'ts for Church Organists. By John Newton. W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd.

"Don't" means here brevity, not dogmatising. The first is "Don't think these criticisms are meant unkindly"—and no one would, after a minute of the fifteen which the whole book takes to read. On the contrary, he will smite his breast at each of the dozen things in it he never thought of, and write on the blank page at the end another dozen suggested by them. Reasons for the dissuasions—"prohibitions" would be too strong—would be interesting, perhaps; but it helps us more when an author puts his arm in ours and says, practically—I have thought about it, and that is what I have come to; you see what you can make of it.

A Handbook on the Technique of Conducting. By Adrian C. Boult. Hall the Printer, Ltd., Oxford.

Books on conducting have usually expatiated on interpretation of works or of particular passages in works, and before conducting had become the specialised art it now is, they were in place. This little book—amounting to perhaps twenty pages of what you hold in your hand—tells the results of thought and experience to anyone who is thinking how to do the thing practically. It has two pages of careful diagrams, and is interleaved for questions you may wish to ask the author some day or other. We have jotted down some points that interested us especially, just as they came:—line of sight, the four joints of the conductor's arm, last beat of the bar, never stop the stick!, the beat to the right, one in a bar, starts, left hand, preparing a score, climaxes, rehearsal and performance, accompanying, the point of view of the conducted. It is little or nothing to read the book; it is a great deal to weigh its counsels and put them in practice. There is a broad-mindedness about it which assures us that, if after doing so we came to the conclusion that some other way was better, the author would be the first to agree that that way was better—for us. He goes for principles, not details. Only two or three passages are mentioned by name, and in no case is any law laid down. There is a strict economy of words, but they are the right ones; and we have been unable to think of any aspect of the subject which has not been considered.

Saint Saëns. By Arthur Hervey. John Lane.

We fear that this is bookmaking, rather than a book, and yet we are glad to have it. For it brings close before our eyes the sincerity of the musician and the loveableness of the man. Saint Saëns never wrote a note without care, or with any idea of it being other than the best he could make it. It has sometimes been thought that he watched himself too closely, and that a little more irresponsibility and a little less ease would have endeared him to musicians as well as to men. To men he was endeared because he thought the best of them. He rebukes the anti-Wagnerites in so far as they are, or were, mere prejudiced generalisers. He finds some comforting, non-committal, words to say for Liszt's "programme"—"Is the music in itself good or bad? Everything lies there. Whether it has a programme or not, it will be neither better nor worse." (Certainly: but then why have a programme?) He singles out with skill some points in which Meyerbeer,

at least putatively, advanced the cause of serious music. He likes dogs, but he thinks cats maligned. As a musician he can be stern—"How is it that people will not understand that there are things to which *one must not* become accustomed? When one has reached the point that one can hear with pleasure, or at any rate with indifference, wrong chords, inexplicable discords, one has become equal to those persons who are not musically organised, who have no ear, as people say"; but then as a man he feels bound to soften the harshness of such a judgment—"and one has simply proved that here, as elsewhere, extremes meet." But how much more interesting Mr. Hervey could have made his book if he had told us what chords Saint Saëns approved, and what discords he condemned. "Everything lies there."

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Music & Letters October Number Contents.

Editorial

Song-Translations. *Various Authors.*
The Practice of Song-Translation.
M.-D. Calvocoressi.

Music and Architecture.

Paul Waterhouse.
Repose in Music. *Basil de Selincourt.*
Repertory Opera in Birmingham.
Sydney Grew.

Savitri, an Opera from the Sanskrit.

J. B. Trend.

The Plain Man and His Music.

Francis Toye.

A Violoncello Lesson.

The Editor.

Written at Random. *A. Brent Smith.*

Music Pure and Applied.

W. P. James.

Reviews of Books. Correspondence.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The Times Literary Supplement:

The papers in this number are all at a high level of general interest. Particularly opportune is Mr. Francis Toye's essay on "The Plain Man and his Music," in which he points out how the parrot-cry for "individuality" has resulted in, and is resulting in, "stunt" music that has no appeal save to the nervous excitement of a few jaded parasites and dilettantes.

British Music Bulletin:

We are confident that those who read one number of *Music and Letters* will become regular subscribers to it, and it is because we so earnestly desire its success that we do our members the service (a very real one) of making its existence known to them.

Weekly Dispatch:

Music and Letters is a high meeting-place for music and the other arts, well away from all cabotinage.

Music Student:

Though yet an infant in age, *Music and Letters* is well-tried as a friend of much valuable information, wisdom and entertainment.

Musical Times:

The October issue is even more than usually full of good things. Of the articles we have enjoyed specially that giving notes of a violoncello lesson with Casals, Francis Toye's "The Plain Man and his Music," and A. Brent Smith's set of little essays, "Written at Random."

A few copies of the October Number can still be obtained, price 5/3 post free.
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CONTENTS.

(Subject to change.)

WHAT IS ART? Alfredo Casella (Rome).

APERCUS OF AN ADJUDICATOR.

Edward E. Harper (Vancouver, B.C.).

KAROL SZYMANOWSKI. Zdzislaw Jachimecki (Cracow).

MUSIC VERSUS MATERIALISM.

Elise Fellows White (West Newton, Mass.).

CORRESPONDENCE OF COSIMA WAGNER WITH VICTOR WILDER.

J. G. Prod'Homme (Paris).

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ART OF "BEL CANTO."

Giulio Silva (Rome).

ON THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN MYTHS
AND SCRIPTURES. Clement Antrobus Harris (Crieff, Scotland).

THE APPROACH TO MUSIC.

Donald N. Twedy (Danbury, Conn.).

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WHAT IS ART? Alfredo Casella (Rome).

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